SECRET

MAGAZINE

Issue N°26

Doctors Orders

Shibaricon
by Valerie Place

Fetish model:
Darenzia

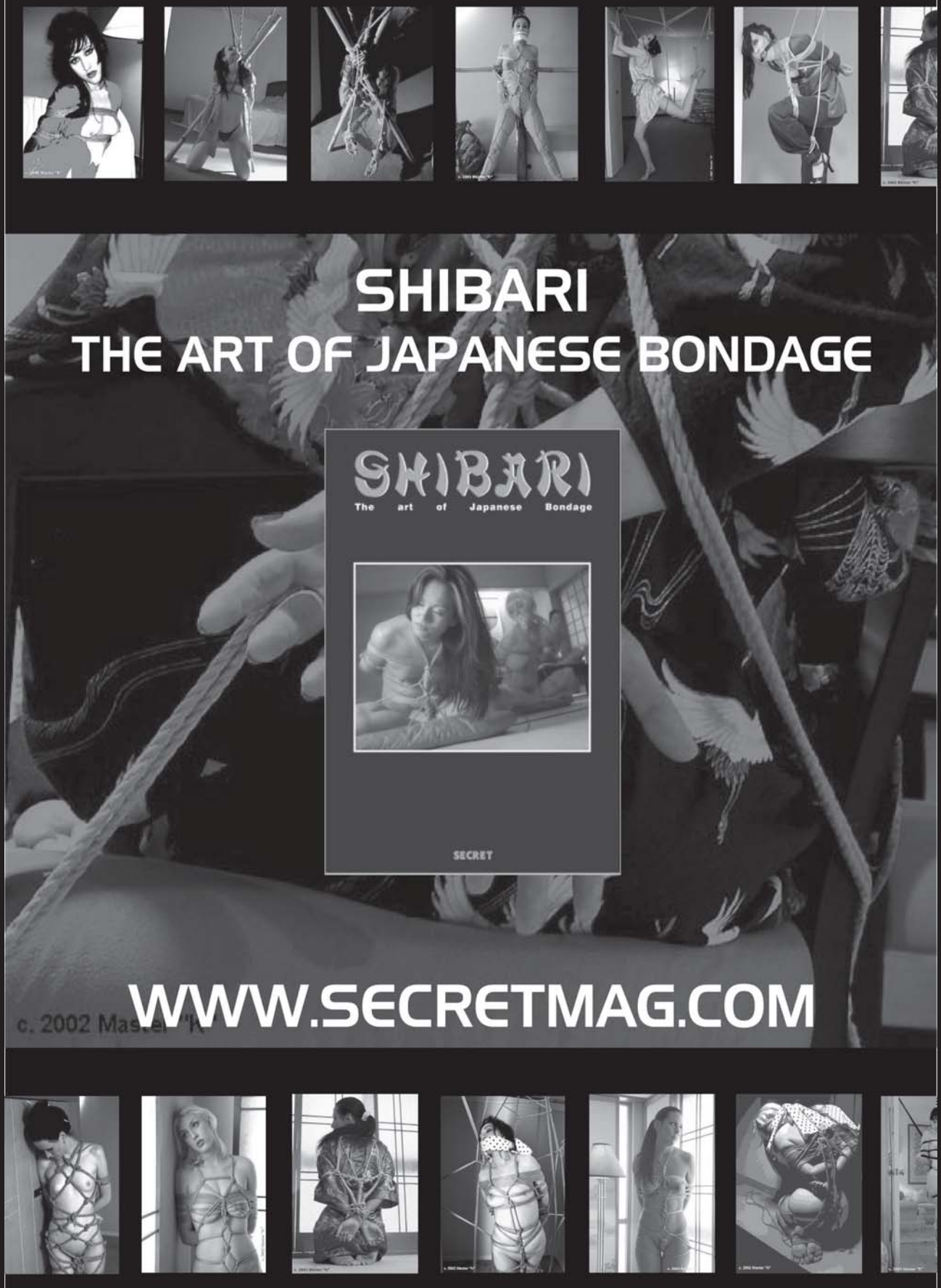
Exclusive Interview:
Artist Sardax

Suspension safety
by Midori

What makes a good
female dominant?

Time for a flogging

Photos:
Lochai
Clearwater
Ben Marcato
Stefan DeLay
Jeffery Scott (1019)
Kevin Hundsnurscher


SHIBARI
THE ART OF JAPANESE BONDAGE
SHIBARI
The art of Japanese Bondage
SECRET
WWW.SECRETMAG.COM

© Cover by Ben Marcato - March 2005

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All letters, subscriptions, advertising rates and information:

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All pictures, scripts can be returned if so asked for. We actually need contributions for our next issues. All photographers need to send prints or CD-rom with *.tif / Jpeg/ eps,...files on PC compatible disks.

Overseas dealers: Centurian (USA): 1.775.322.9238 - Last Gasp (USA): 1.415.824.6636 - Select Int. (Holland) 00.31.299.351657 - Wiwa (Germany): 49.221.253115 - Olympus Distribution - England

Editorial

Another year is over and it's time for a new issue to see the light. Like a photographer works on his image, I work on my magazine, think about the content and try to find the right balance between the different fetish topics I want to cover.

It's been 15 years now and I've tried to write on as many different aspects of the fetish scene as possible, trying hard, not to be a teacher, giving rules nor having an opinion, but more like a reporter, a big antenna who is capturing all the influences, styles and then puts it together, like a puzzle, in a readable magazine. Believe me, it's not easy to satisfy everybody.

This issue is again an important milestone as I have decided to insert a 16-page color portfolio, for the very first time. What!? Is Secret Magazine going color also? No, I'm not going to turn Secret into a flashy color magazine. No, I will always be that amateur, who's publishing in the basement, black and white zine look-style kinda magazine. I like it that way, as it gives me more freedom. The thing is that I was just blown away from the images of Jeffrey Scott and they couldn't be reproduced in B/W. So, here they are in full glory. You will also find, in the next 5 or 6 issues to come, a new color portfolio from the world's best color fetish photographers and artists.

It seems that a new generation, inspired from what we have done in the past is taking over and that there is a new wave of interest in the fetish scene. Especially in Germany & the USA where big fetish events are held on a regular basis and are dethroning the English pervs. There seems to be a huge interest in clinical fetish play, bondage has become an art on its own and rubber play has never been so sophisticated as now.

The fetish scene has changed so much these last years, that it would be hard to explain to somebody how it was 15 years ago... but said that, I think it's just great to see young girls and boys having a great time. New talent, new technologies, new ideas who brings a fresh breeze to the fetish scene and I love it.

Now read on and enjoy...

Jürgen Boedt

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News & INFO

by Jürgen Boedt

Rope marks

When Bob & Chantal came over to Brussels they asked me where to go to have a good time!? Well, after a couple of Duvels I told them that the best places in Brussels are the "Galerie D'Enfer (www.Enfer.be) and that the ModaModa used to have a good name but that it has been a long time that I've been there and didn't know what to expect. They wrote to me afterwards telling me they had a crazy time. Here is your editor with Chantal from Ropemarks at one of my favourite places - *Le Bon Vieux Temps* . It's the oldest bar in Brussels. www.ropemarks.com is an excellent website devoted to Shibari. Go visit, it's worth it. Mention Secret...

Nuit de Chine

If you are looking for good second hand art books, DVDs, magazines, erotic, fetish or porn, then you will find it here. Go and see Hugues at Nuit de Chine, Place Fontainas 24, 1000 Brussels, Belgium.
Tel: 0497.425587

DeMask in London

They opened a new store on the 4th December 2004 at this location: 87 Fortess Road, Kentish Town, London NW5 1AP, England.

Why not subscribe to SECRET?

Fetissi

A new fetish magazine from Finland? Yes, a passionate fetishist puts it together and this first issue is big news. It's now only partly in English, but they have told me that the next issue will be completely in English. The content is more to the Gothic but there is a very good article on tattoo and the pictures by Qumma, China Hamilton and Ari Laitinen are excellent. www.fetissi.net

Erotic Eden

Imagine a late 19th century neo-Gothic mansion set in 50 acres of lavish woodlands in the Home County of Herts. This is the setting for the most decadent fetish events! Batchwood Hall is a fully equipped nightclub, offering 4 bar areas, 3 rooms - including a fully equipped BDSM dungeon, plus a mezzanine floor with balcony bar and an outside terrace bar and grill. There is full disabled access to all areas. Guests are encouraged to explore, play, dance and relax within its luxurious confines!
Batchwood Hall, Batchwood Drive, St Albans, Hertfordshire, AL3 5XA, England

Inner Sanctum

Designers of one of the world's most extensive collections of handmade latex fantasywear available as you can see from the picture above with the pregnant model. Vast collection & colors available.
www.innersanctum.uk.com

Shibaricon

This event, focused on, what else, Japanese bondage, better known as Shibari, will be held on the memorial week-end May 27 - 30th, in 2005.
www.shibaricon.com

German Fetish ball

Excellent event in Berlin with lots of things going on. This year's event is scheduled for May 14 - 16th 2005.
www.german-fetish-ball.de
Friday, May 13th:
German Fetish Fair
Pre-Party at the legendary KitKatClub
Saturday, May 14th:
German Fetish Fair
2nd Xklusiv Fetish Dinner
Playparty at the DarksideClub
Sunday, May 15th,

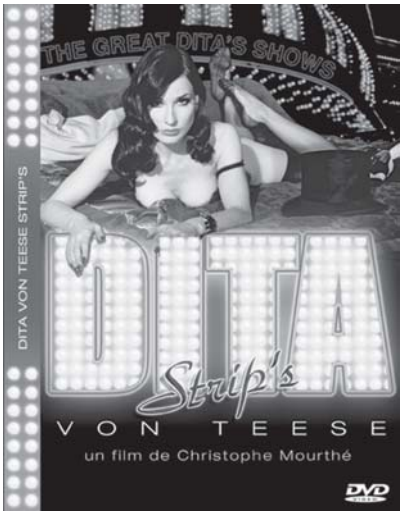
2nd German Fetish Ball - Presented by our lovely host Bianca Beauchamp. With fashion shows from established brands like Simon O. to new comers such as Savage Wear.

San Francisco Fetish ball

Madame S. & Mister S. Leather present the next event on March 10 - 12th, 2005. Ken Marcus gallery on the 10th, Club Enslaved on the 11th and the San Francisco ball on the 12th. Have fun!

The Ballad of Betty Page

Killer Films & HBO are producing a film, which will trace back the life of Betty page, the world's most famous pinup/bondage model ever. The role of Betty Page will be played by Gretchen Mol. www.killerfilms.com



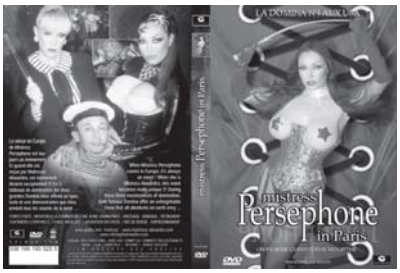
Dita Strips

If your imagination can capture this? Put the world's greatest fetish pinup together with the world's best fetish photographer (well one of the top 20 at least!) and what do you get... firework! Dita Strips is Christophe Mourthé's latest DVD and it is excellent. Order it directly from www.ChristopheMourthe.com website... also, we'll try to get some here at Secret and sell it online and by mail-order. Go see in the back of this magazine to order it....

www.maitressefrancoise.com
it's one of the best domination websites.
Recommended by Alain W.

Senze - Fetish E-zine

When I browse the web, I come across a lot of things. There are some excellent SM webzines and when I was asked to review Senze, I felt hopeless. This is so good that I wonder why I should bother with Secret. Excellent pictures, good info and interviews with in-the-fetish-world people. If you have a computer and like some good rubber clothing then go to www.Senze.se
With my compliments.... but don't stop buying Secret..ok?~smiles



Persephone by Christophe Mourthé

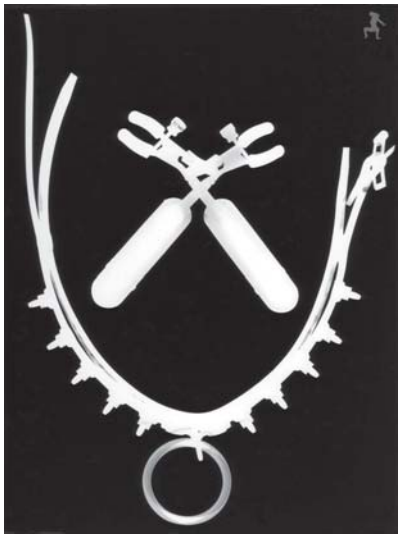
I received the layout for the next DVD with fetish star Persephone made by Christophe Mourthé in the dungeon of famous Mistress Alexandra. Great lighting, excellent make-up, great settings, great clothing, great action from even greater ladies...what to say, this is great!!~smiles
Distrubuted by Colmax.

SM drawings & books

Marcel is the owner of Jaybird and he knows absolutely everything about S/M & fetish. Be it books, drawings, you name it he knows where to find it or has it in his excellent shop. If you are in Brussels, visit him.OK? Jaybird, 51 Rue Scailquin, 1210 Brussels, Belgium. Tel: 00.3202.219.80.07
jaybird@jaybird.be

Good websites!

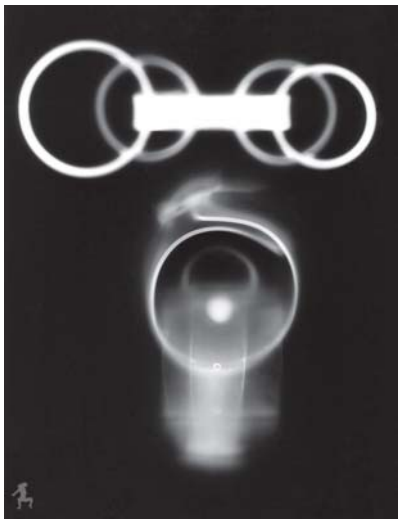
Alain W., my research-internet-partner found these websites very good:
www.leatherdomina.com
www.dominahilda.com
www.leathershemale.com
www.theenglishdungeon.com
www.sickchixxx.com



FETICHEGRAMS: Intimate Joys

Exposition: George Street Gallery
4 George Street, Brighton BN2 1RH, England - 01273 681 1852

2 - 26 February 2005
The latest erotic exhibition from Steve DT features the manipulation of sex toys in imaginary surroundings, where the light taunts and teases the viewer.



The Fetichegram evokes the era of the playful surrealists of the 20th

century with the curiosity of its altered image. One should remember that sexuality has played an important role in the continuing evolvement of the photographic imagery; from the 'cartes de visités' of the Parisian cafés to the internet.

2004 was a busy year for Steve DT; a group show entitled 'Sex Show: penetrating the sex industry' (Bath) and the international festival of Cyberotika 2004 (Atlanta) - the latter being the debut of the Fetichegrams.

Steve DT, former music photographer, hopes his own brand of mischievousness catches a wry smile of knowingness and maybe, the odd furrowed brow. After all, the purpose of Fetichegrams is to enjoy, delight and inform.
www.sdtfoto.com

Last Gasp of San Francisco

Very often I am asked where one can buy the books we have published. Of course you can go to our website www.SecretMag.com where secure payment has been set up, but now we have an excellent USA online company. Please go to this page:http://www.lastgasp.com/1/0/11/Secret+Magazine/0/
and you will find all my books at excellent prices.

BOUNDCON 2 - Europe

After the huge success the next Boundcon will be organized between the 10th & 12 th June 2005 in the Kleine Olympiahalle in Munich. More info on: www.Boundcon.com

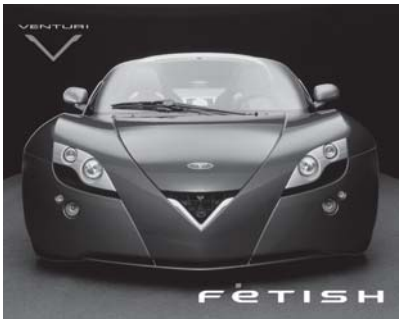
Rubber from a mushroom?

Japanese researchers say they have produced rubber from a natural substance extracted from an edible, wild mushroom commonly found in the country.

Researchers at Gunma University, west of Tokyo, have not only produced rubber from the chichitake mushroom but the end-product has the advantage of not containing a protein that can cause allergies, said Hiroshi Mitomo, head of the research team at the university's biological and chemical engineering department.
The biggest problem is that it takes more than 10 kilograms (22 pounds) of mushrooms to make 1 kilogram (2.2 pounds) of rubber. (Info Remy Chevalier - Reuters)

Fetish Assembly

On the 5th March 2005, Place Rogier, there will be a fetish party. This is the weekend where the Belgian Erotic fair is held. Last years party was a disaster, so let's hope that it's better this year....
www.fetish-assembly.com

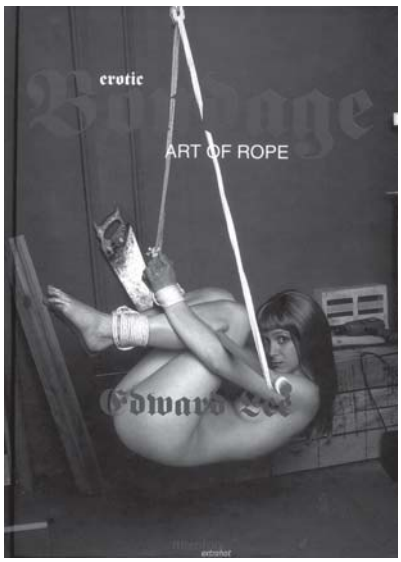


Fetish car

This new 100% electrique car, with 300 Hp and is completely in carbon. It's called fetish because it's "an objects to which one attributes magical and beneficial powers, leading to a safe and comfortable lifestyle". FETISH is handmade by order and the cost is 450.000 euro. Wow!!! More info on: www.venturi.fr

Steve Diet Goedde

One of my favorite photographers has set up a small internet-shop where you can buy mugs, mouse pads, lunchbox with his photos on them. Excellent! As Margaret Cho says so well: "Steve Diet Goedde goes beyond the erotic eye into the beholder's, the one who lives for beauty rather than carnality, turning what could be perverse, sublime. The photographs are exquisite, for we are fortunate enough to look through the lens as Steve for a moment, and see a world as glorious as this." The best news is his DVD that should be available when you are reading this.
www.stevedietgoedde.com/dvd.htm
Maybe it's time for him to make a new book? Maybe I should ask him...?



Erotic Bondage

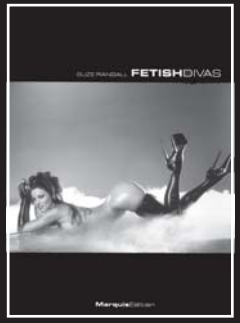
Art of Rope by Edward Lee
It seems that Goliath (Germany) is specializing themselves in bondage & fetish pix. What I don't get is why they are publishing these books while so many other (more) talented photographers are eagerly waiting to be published? Because "Erotic Bondage" is not of a very high level. Ok, it's in black & white, the technique is ok, but I have seen so many excellent bondage pictures these are, how to say this? "not interesting"? Sorry Miki, but I've heared that a book is coming from Martin Class!? Now, that one I'm looking forward to!

Head Mistress is wanted!
La Domaine Esemar
518-781-6209 and the calling hours are 10 am-7 pm est, m-f
http://www.ladomaineesemar.com/head_mistress.html.

FRANCIS DEDOBBELEER, OLIVIER PÉ
LA GALERIE D'ENFER & LE FESTIVAL DE L'ÉROTISME
PRÉSENTENT
FETISH
ASSEMBLY
The Biggest Fetish Party of Belgium
Fetish Shows
SM Dungeon
DJ's & Dancefloor
Sat. 5 march 2005
LES PYRAMIDES
Place Rogier - Brussels
www.fetish-assembly.com
Tickets : 20 euros (in advance) 35 euros (at the door)
Tickets are for sale to
GALERIE D'ENFER - 16/17 place du samedi - 1000 Bruxelles
BOUTIQUE MINUIT - 60 Galerie du Centre - 1000 Bruxelles
JAYBIRD - 60 rue Scailquin - 1210 Bruxelles
BOUTIQUE DÉMONIA - 10 Cité Joly - 75011 Paris
Avec le soutien de
Démonia

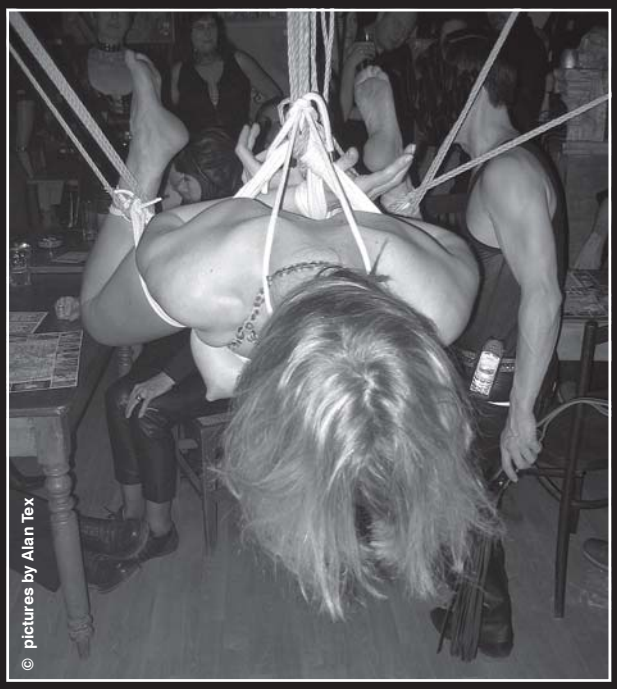
FETISHDIVAS

SUZE RANDALL



Marquis has brought us one of the most amazing erotic/porn/fetish photographer ever. Suze Randall is a name everybody knows, especially if you have been reading Taboo. This hardcover book is a sort of statement and has brought some of her best work together in a great artbook. The girls are exquisite, make-up outragesouly good (very Playboy/Penthouse style) and the clothing all fit like a glove. Everytime she gets hold of an outfit, she has the art to put it in scene, so that it looks good. But we all know that the girls are mostly pornstars who just dress-up and play "fetish". But it looks so damn good. It's very horny too....so, we are selling the book online and in our mailorder section in the back. Price 40 euro plus shipping

Galerie d'Enfer



We, here in Brussels - Belgium, don't have much occasions to go to fetish party's, except of course for the annual balls like Europerve & Rubber Ball, who are more social gatherings and publicity places/party's, rather than play-evenings. Of course, all depends who is attending and whom you meet. No, we have a much better place, called Galerie D'Enfer! It's organizing once, every month, a fetish party where you can eat (excellent food made by the owner David P.), drink and if you feel like it - play. As it's given in the name, this is above all a place where you can expose your artwork, paintings, pictures, etc. all set in a very fantastic setting. The decorations are very special, you like it, or you don't, but it's special, to say the least. This weekend we both went, all dressed in rubber to one of these parties and had a really great time. We met old friends and made new ones and when two of the players started to do a suspension bondage scene we eagerly looked what was going to happen. As you can see from the pictures everything went fine and my girlfriend told me she wanted to try that out also, one day. Yeah, one day....

So, if you are ever in Brussels, I can only tell you to reserve a table, get into your best fetish clothing and go and have a great time. Mention Secret when you book.

Galerie D'Enfer

Place du Samedi 16 - 17
1000 Brussels, Belgium

www.Enfer.be

Information: 0475.61.46.09

Betty Bi

Change your mind

Betty Bi, an extraordinary lady who wonders the streets in search of new patients for her very special hospital. Every time she finds a victim, it's being played with, operated so it will function as they want to, all in rubber, total enclosure, bodybags, sexgames,...

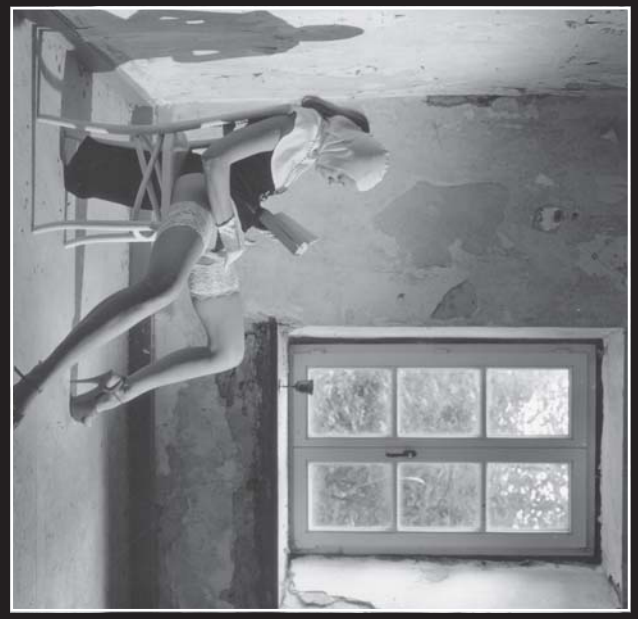
This high quality production, with a good story, is one of the rare rubber/sex videos that actually is sexy, fun and exciting. The girls like what they are doing, the men are being played with, as men like to be played with and the fuck-scenes are not too hardcore so that the esthetics stays at a good level.

The clothing, even the pillowcases with name!, are provided by Simon O and give the film an extra dimension.

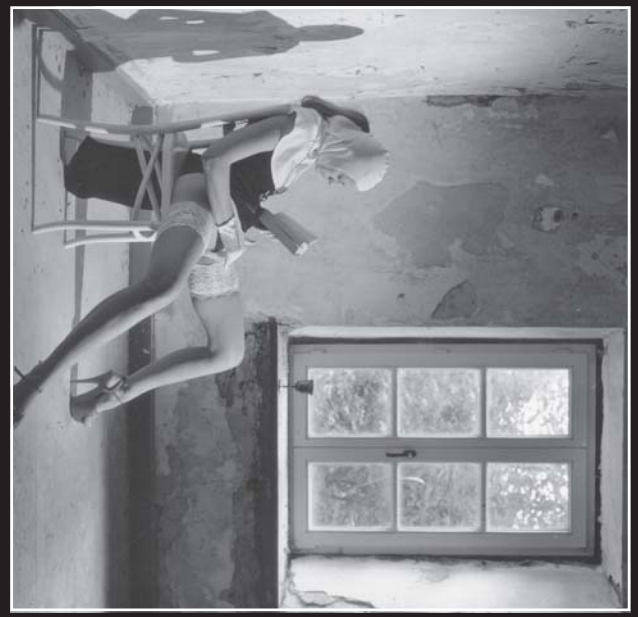
My favorite for the moment.... more info at:

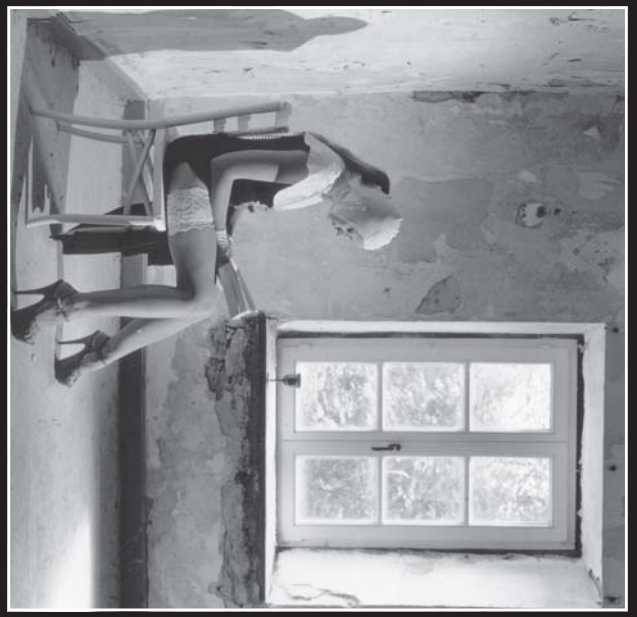
ErosMedia GmbH, Postfach 1122, 82062 StraBlach, Germany.

www.erosmedia.de - for Simon O contact: http://www.latex.at/



© All pictures by STefan DeLay - Secret 2004

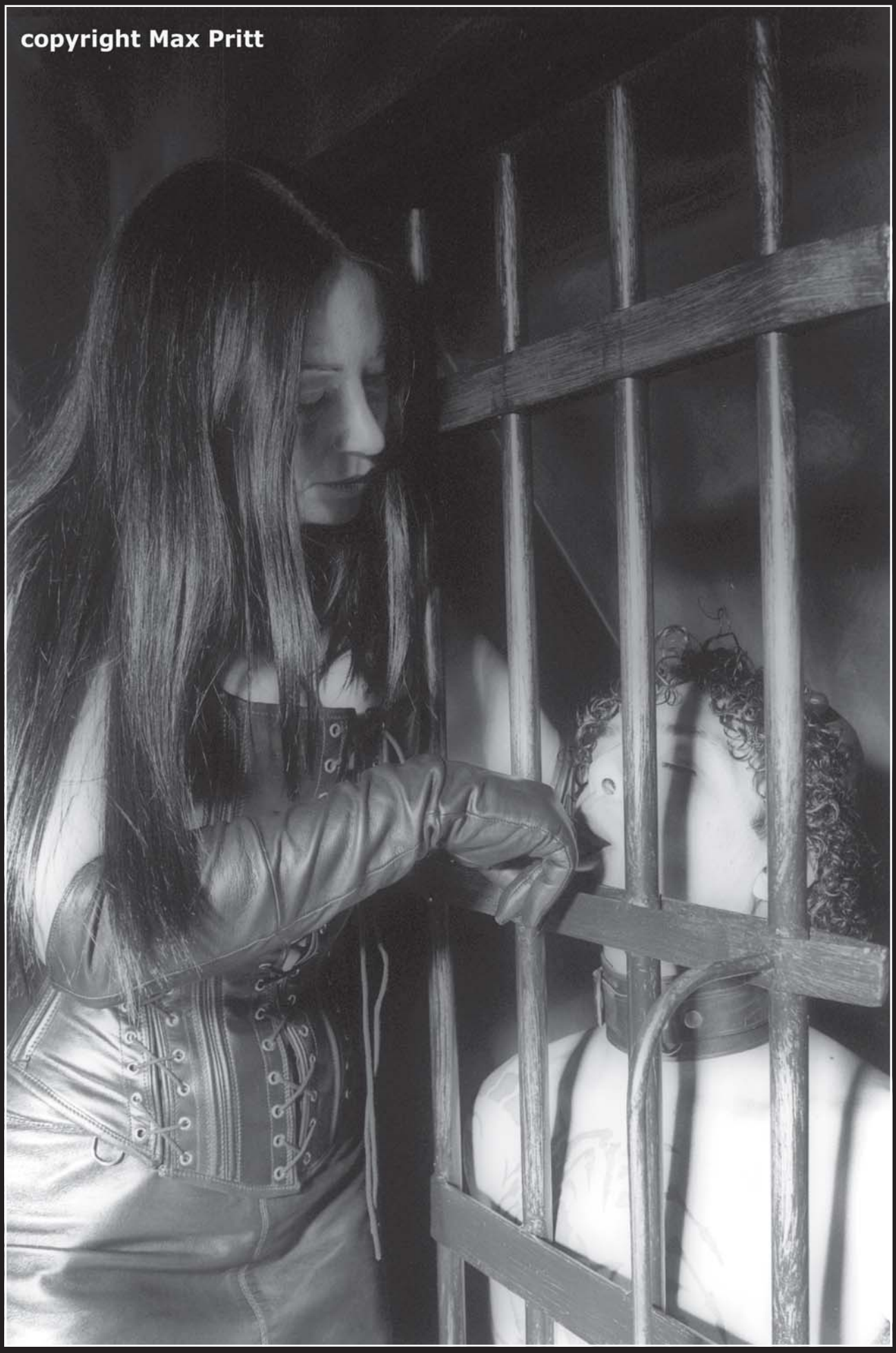




Stefan DeLay

Stefan DeLay

© All pictures by STefan DeLay - Secret 2004


copyright Max Pritt

DOCTOR'S ORDERS

BY DEBS TAPPER

The chair was very, very cold.

Siggi sat in nervous silence while the Maid buckled the broad leather straps around his wrists and chest then bent over, raising her latex-clad hips provocatively as she attended to the straps around his ankles. He realised he was looking at the slippery tops of her stockings and shivered, remembering Nemesis' words:

"I could even make a big clumsy Maid out of you, SW12…"

The Maid straightened up, flashing him a sultry half-smile, and Siggi was able to read the identity number on her collar – 56. She saw him looking and ran her tongue over her scarlet lips before picking up a small plastic box.

"Do you wish me to install all five sensor-pins, Mistress Nemesis?" she asked.

When Nemesis nodded, 56 opened the box and took out one of the glowing metal disks, gave his left bicep a hard pinch and pushed the twin points into his muscle, smirking as he winced. She pressed another into his right arm and two into his thighs, then picked up the last one and reached down between his legs, cupping his balls in one hand. She lifted them up and Siggi closed his eyes, biting his lip.

He jerked against the restraints and let out a little shocked squeal of pain as two sharp needles punctured the sensitive skin at the back of his scrotum, the sensor-pin's barbs shooting out automatically and anchoring it into his flesh.

"Is the animal properly secured?" Nemesis asked, tweaking at the cuff of one rubber gauntlet.

"Yes, Mistress Nemesis," the Maid said.

"Are all the sensor-pins functioning and correctly in place?"

"Yes, Mistress Nemesis."

"And are the instruments ready?"

"Yes, Mistress Nemesis," the Maid said again, keeping her eyes downcast.

"Good. You may go, 56."

The Maid bobbed a little curtsey. "Will you be requiring any Nurses, Mistress Nemesis?"

Nemesis gave the gauntlet a final tweak and walked over to the helpless Siggi, laying a hand on his bare shoulder. "Yes," she said. She ran her fingers lightly over Siggi's skin and pinched one of his nipples. "Two should be sufficient. This animal isn't going anywhere for a while…"

56 curtseyed again and clicked away on her high heels, leaving Siggi alone with Nemesis. She stood looking down at him in silence for a minute or two – he could see his own bound and naked body reflected in the mirrored visor covering her eyes – then she turned away and bent over the tray of instruments, ignoring him totally.

Siggi did his best to relax in the uncomfortable examination chair, trying to ignore the fact that his legs were spread wide apart and the curved metal cups of the seat had pulled the muscular cheeks of his bottom open, exposing his anus. Although the other Maid –10 – had just relieved him, he was beginning to feel fresh tingles of arousal. He thought of how 10's red-glossed lips had slipped over his swollen dick and shivered again, wondering if the Nurses would be Supreme Sisters or more collared Maids. Whatever they were, he was in no position to prevent them from gaining access to the most intimate parts of his body, and the thought frightened him and stirred him in equal measures.

"Are you ready for your examination, SW12?" Nemesis asked. "You may answer."

"I-I think so, Mistress Nemesis," Siggi answered.

She heard the apprehension in his voice and smiled. "You're afraid. Good. I always find my animals far more amusing when they're afraid…"

Siggi was afraid – but he was excited as well. He let his head roll sideways, the smooth padded latex headrest cool and silky against his cheek, and stared at Nemesis with that same combination of fear and longing.

She wasn't Cybele: he didn't find himself yearning for her approval or contempt with the same intensity. Nemesis was different, and she frightened him in a way that none of the other Supreme Sisters – even Artemis – had done.

He watched every small movement as she bent over the spotless white bench. The scarlet rubber hugged every delicious line and curve of her body, her naked flesh gleaming invitingly between the straps. Siggi stared and stared, wishing he could kneel down behind her, peel the tight dress up over that perfect bottom and run his lips

across the velvety skin, then let his tongue delve deep between her buttocks to taste the sweet, musky heat of her body –

"That's another transgression, SW12," Nemesis said without looking up. "Don't forget I can monitor every tiny change in your body's heartbeat, temperature and chemistry through the sensor-pins. If you find yourself thinking something you shouldn't, I'll know about it."

"I'm sorry, Mistress Nemesis," Siggi mumbled, his cheeks flushing as red as her dress.

"And I don't remember giving you permission to speak." Nemesis picked up a slender metal probe, looked at it, then laid it to one side and selected a larger one. "That's two further transgressions in the space of a minute: Cybele was right about you." She turned around and looked at him, turning the probe between her fingers. "How many demerits have you acquired since you were released from your sleeping cage this morning? You may speak."

"Four demerits, Mistress Nemesis," Siggi said.

"How long since you were collected from the surface?"

"Just over four weeks, Mistress Nemesis."

"Four weeks…! And how many demerits have you acquired in that time?"

Siggi swallowed. He ran through the calculation quickly in his head and wondered if Nemesis knew Cybele had been keeping an accurate record of all his transgressions.

"One hundred and thirty six, Mistress Nemesis," he said.

"And how many marks of esteem?"

"Marks of esteem…?" Siggi blinked at her, bewildered. "I'm sorry, Mistress Nemesis – I don't understand the question."

Nemesis sighed. "No," she said. "I don't suppose you do."

"Permission to speak, Mistress Nemesis."

"Permission granted."

"What are 'marks of esteem', Mistress Nemesis?"

"We work on a graded system of rewards and punishments. Disobedient animals earn demerits and are punished accordingly, while compliant animals who know how to behave towards their betters earn marks of esteem and are rewarded – and since questions are a transgression, you've just earned yourself another demerit, SW12." She ran her rubber-coated fingers lovingly down the probe. "I believe you're going to know more about punishment by the time your probationary period's over than any other animal here!"

"Permission to speak again, Mistress Nemesis."

"Very well, SW12 – what is it now?"

Siggi hesitated, then took a deep breath and asked, knowing he was going to be punished anyway. "How long is my probationary period, Mistress Nemesis? My Trainer never mentioned it to me."

There was a brief pause and Siggi wondered belatedly if he'd gone to far; then Nemesis laid the probe back in place and walked over, her high heels rapping the polished floor. "You will remain on probation undergoing a standard training programme until we decide if you're suitable to move on to Advanced Preparation," she said. "Personally, I think you would have been relegated to the menial pens after the first day if you weren't such an attractive animal – and you can add a further three demerits for impertinence." She slipped her fingers under his jaw, tilting his head up and looking into the anxious blue eyes. "Perhaps a systematic programme of punishment would improve your performance, SW12."

The security grids opened with a soft whine and Nemesis looked around, forgetting Siggi. "Ah –" she said. "Here you are at last."

The Nurses came gliding into the room, moving together like a pair of perfectly disciplined machines, their brief white latex uniforms hissing as they walked. They looked identical: eyelids, lips and cheekbones were painted silver, eyes hidden behind all-over black contact lenses, and both their skin and cropped white hair was frosted with clear crystals that glittered as they caught the light. They wore tiny white caps and white rubber gloves that reached their elbows, their long, slender legs sheathed in gleaming white rubber stockings and gleaming white boots. The uniforms were cut low, baring nipples covered by pointed silver guards, and a multitude of tiny lights winked on and off on the clear bands around their necks.

They stopped in front of Nemesis, bowed their heads and spoke in unison: "The Maid 56 said you requested our presence, Doctor."

"Yes." Nemesis gestured towards Siggi's bound body. "This animal is to undergo a thorough examination, Nurse. I expect it will take several hours, so I should like the animal fitted with a valve-gag first."

"A ring-valve or a ball-valve, Doctor?" They asked the question together.

"A ball-valve, Nurse" Nemesis said, addressing them both.

One of the Nurses picked up what looked like a large black ball gag with a hole in it and walked over to Siggi. "Open your mouth, animal," she said, the other Nurse echoing her words in eerie harmony.

Siggi opened his mouth obediently and she forced the huge rubber ball between his teeth, stretching his mouth as wide as it would go, then locked it tightly in place with a bridle of straps and buckles.

"Is the gag secure, Nurse?" Nemesis asked.

"Yes, Doctor," they answered.

"Good. I shall begin with sounds."
"Vibrating or still, Doctor?" two voices asked.
Nemesis looked at the helpless man and smiled at the fear in his eyes. "Vibrating," she said, stretching out a hand. "Full length, medium diameter and ribbed, with fastening clamps; SW12 needs to learn the value of bodily stimulation."
She held the slim probe up in front of Siggi's face so he could get a good look at it. "Do you know what this is, SW12?" she asked, smiling as Siggi shook his head. "Then I'll tell you: it's a urethral sound."
"Do you wish to fit the animal yourself, Doctor?" the Nurses asked.
"Yes," Nemesis said. "Lubricate it for me first, Nurse."
Siggi watched in horrified fascination as the Nurses smoothed clear lubricant over the length of the probe, then Nemesis stepped between his legs. She reached down, her fingers closing on his dick, and gave his shaft a hard squeeze. She rubbed the tip of his dick and teased the sensitive hole with the probe, slipping the cold metal just inside then withdrawing it again. His dick stiffened in her hand and she slapped the shaft with the tips of her fingers.
"Filthy little animal," she said, giving the swollen head a vicious pinch. Siggi hopped in pain and she inserted the probe again, pushing it all the way down.
Siggi flinched and twitched in the seat, sweat glossing his muscles, feeling the probe slide down his dick to lodge in his bladder.
Nemesis clamped it in place.
"Now, SW12," she said, picking up a smooth circular disk; Siggi guessed it was the control key for the probe embedded in him. "Let's see how your body responds to some basic stimulation."
The rush of sensation completely overwhelmed him. Siggi sank his teeth into the rubber gag and squirmed against the straps, wanting to scream and come at the same time.
"Accelerated heartbeat," the Nurses said in unison, studying the information the sensor-pins were relaying. "Definite changes in body chemistry –"
"What kind of changes, Nurse?"
"Our readings show a massive release of pleasure hormones into the bloodstream, Doctor. The animal is registering a very strong response to the stimulus."
"How strong?"
"It's approaching sexual climax, Doctor"
"How very interesting. Thank you, Nurse." Nemesis touched the key again and Siggi collapsed back in the chair, convinced he was going to pass out. He closed his eyes and lay still, stripped of all thought and identity – his body had become Nemesis' plaything, and he waited to see what she would do with it next.
She removed the sound and handed it back to the Nurses, patting his lolling head with a gloved hand. "It seems Cybele was right about everything," she said. She raised her voice. "I should like to examine this animal more closely, Nurse. Secure it accordingly and rotate the chair – 180 degrees."
The Nurses locked light metal bars across Siggi's shoulders, stomach and thighs, then one of them touched a button and the whole tubular frame pivoted slowly around on its axis until Siggi was hanging upside down, supported by a combination of leather and metal.
"Now, animal – time for some different stimulation."
Nemesis' fingers glided along the delicate skin between his buttocks, the exciting, feather-light touch making him tremble. Her fingertip teased the quivering ring of muscle and Siggi clenched his hands into fists, his dick jutting out stiffly.
"Heat to start with, Nurse."
One of the Nurses handed her a tube and she uncapped it, rubbing a generous amount of ointment onto her hands. Siggi caught a whiff of it and the strong, acrid smell made his eyes prickle. He recognised the odour – it was a well-known muscle rub – and whimpered against the gag, hoping she wouldn't be so cruel as to use it on his defenceless anus.
She didn't. She reached down between his legs and massaged the whole lot into his tender, newly depilated balls. "The animal seems feverish," she said thoughtfully.
"Give me some ice, Nurse."
A smooth, freezing point touched Siggi's sphincter; then Nemesis pushed the large tear-shaped piece of ice inside him.
The twin extremes of heat and cold were unbearable. Tears squeezed from under his tightly-closed eyelids and dripped onto the floor, his teeth clamped on the gag.
"Pleasure hormones are still flooding into the animal's bloodstream, Doctor." The Nurses' dual voice came to him through a haze of sensation. "SW12 is displaying a steady increase in its level of arousal."
Siggi didn't believe them. He sobbed and writhed against the restraints, wishing he was bending over the familiar padded bench in his old training room while Cybele scolded him and whipped him until he cried.
The sensations died away gradually. The ice melted in his rectum and the heat faded from his balls, leaving them sore and smarting. Siggi blinked the tears away, the tension draining out of his body.
Nemesis put her hand down between his legs again and he jerked in the chair, shaking his head desperately as her fingers brushed his balls. He was rewarded with a stinging cut across the buttocks from her whip.
"Wretched animal! That's another demerit, SW12. Rotate the chair back – 90 degrees." She hooked the whip back on her belt and grabbed a handful of his thick blond hair, jerking his head back against the padded rest. "Do you want me to continue?" Siggi swallowed his tears and tried to nod, sniffing as her fingers snagged in his hair. "That's better, SW12 – you might even earn a mark of esteem one day and surprise us all! A ball-pouch, Nurse."
One of the Nurses handed her a rubber pouch and she slipped it over Siggi's painful scrotum, tucking it carefully around the sensor-pin and fastening it in place with a series of spiteful metal clamps that bit into his flesh. "If you would apply the ice this time, Nurse," she said, uncapping the tube again. "I want to see how the animal reacts to reversed stimuli. No –" she said, holding up a warning finger. "No more tears, SW12."

Siggi trembled as she coated her right hand with the ointment and the Nurses selected a large piece of ice each from the refrigerated box on the bench beside them; then the two gorgeous, ice-cold goddesses walked over and stood in front of him, staring down with dispassionate black eyes.

He shrunk from their touch, but he wanted them to touch him. He wanted them to tie him up and humiliate him, to beat him and push their slim cold fingers – their whole hands – inside his body while he knelt down and licked their towering heels.

"The animal is aroused again, Doctor."

Nemesis clicked her tongue. "That's another transgression, SW12. When this examination is over, I should like you to tell me exactly what's been going on in that filthy little mind of yours. Are you ready, Nurse?"

"Yes, Doctor."

Siggi flinched and groaned as she touched his anus with her left hand, tracing the delicate folds and puckers of flesh – but there was no burning ointment on those fingers and his dick swelled in response to the arousing caress, standing flagpole-stiff against his belly, desperate for

relief: if only the Nurses would massage his swollen flesh with their white-gloved hands and let him come…

Nemesis' ointment-slick right hand burrowed up into his rump, two stiff fingers forcing their way through his sphincter and up inside him as the Nurses pulled the rubber pouch open, deposited their twin teardrops of ice against his balls and snapped it closed again.

There was a moment of numbness; then the sensations hit him.

Siggi jerked in the chair, howling into the gag. His backside was awash with molten fire while the ice froze his balls and burned them at the same time – for a few seconds, he couldn't think, couldn't even breathe; it felt as though his body was transfixed, penetrated by a line of fire that had been driven through his body from his balls to his poor tormented bottom. He whimpered and struggled against the tight leather straps while Nemesis thrust her slippery fingers in and out of his rump, adding a third finger, a fourth… then her thumb joined them and she rammed her hand in as deeply as she could, gripping the chair for leverage.

She must have said something to the Nurses. Siggi didn't know what – he'd been too deeply involved in the waves of conflicting sensation to notice anything else – but firm, freezing fingers suddenly wrapped themselves around his dick and began jerking and rubbing it vigorously while he sobbed and rode Nemesis' burning hand and the ice melted against his balls –

"You are not to climax, SW12!" Nemesis warned, but it was too late. His balls tightened, throbbing with cold and desire, the two gorgeous ice-maidens were yanking at his swollen dick while wonderful, terrifying Nemesis plunged her flaming fingers deep into his bottom – then her wrist slipped past his sphincter and Siggi's whole body arched against the restraints, unable to stop the shattering orgasm that ripped through him.

"Bad animal!"

Siggi slumped against the restraints with his eyes shut, feeling the waves of intense pleasure and pain gradually fade away.

Nemesis' gloved hand slithered out of him. She wiped her fingers on a clean towel, then stripped off the soiled gauntlets and dropped both them and the towel into a disposal tube, to be collected and burnt in one of the furnaces on the lower levels.

"SW12…! Open your eyes."

The hazy blue eyes opened and he focused on her with an effort. He looked dreamy and lightheaded, still drugged with pleasure.

"You disobeyed me, SW12." Nemesis selected a fresh pair of gauntlets and frowned at him. "I told you not to climax and you disobeyed me. That was a serious transgression, and one that can't go unpunished."

The dreamy glaze vanished and Siggi began to look scared as the seriousness of his position sank in. He had disobeyed a Supreme Sister: worse, he had disobeyed Nemesis.

"How shall I punish you?" Nemesis said, tugging the gauntlets over her scarlet gloves and smoothing out a few tiny creases in the rubber. "Yes… I know. You're a very physical creature, SW12 – I think a few days in an iso-suit will teach you to obey your betters and think less of fleeting pleasure. You will be cleaned and suited up as soon as I've finished here, and you'll have plenty of time to decide if your disobedience was worth the punishment."

Siggi had no idea what an iso-suit was, but he knew he wasn't going to like it. He stared at Nemesis with huge blue eyes, silently pleading with her to forgive him, but she shook her head and turned to the Nurses.

"Water the animal, Nurse," she said. "It must be thirsty."

One of the Nurses picked up a thin metal tube with a coupling ring on one end and fed it through the valve in the ball gag while the other Nurse unhooked a flexible pipe from the back of Siggi's chair. Siggi eyed the pipe nervously; it was fitted with a matching ring and obviously designed to lock into the tube projecting from his gag.

"Turn your head, animal," the Nurses ordered.

Siggi obeyed – he didn't have any choice – and the pipes

locked together with a soft click. Then the Nurse touched a button and a stream of water filled his mouth.
Siggi thought he was going to choke. He twisted his head from side to side, his eyes rounding in panic – and the flood stopped.
Nemesis' whip bit into the soft flesh of his thigh just below his balls.
"Bad animal!" she said. She hit him again and he blinked back fresh tears. "Put your head up and keep still, SW12 – you'll have to get used to this in the iso-suit."
Siggi tilted his head back and swallowed as the water gushed into his mouth again and poured down his throat, filling his stomach.
"That's enough for now," Nemesis said. "Remove the pipes and ball pouch, then rotate the chair back to 180 degrees."
Once Siggi was upside down again, she selected the largest piece of ice in the box, positioned the freezing tip against his sphincter, then slid it in so slowly he squirmed and made little noises of distress into the gag. "That should cool you down, SW12," she said, picking up a moulded glass dildo and using it to push the ice deep inside him.
Siggi hung against the various straps and restraints and listened to their conversation as the ice melted in his sore bottom, its coolness soothing after the exquisite agony of Nemesis' fiery fingers.
"A fine vigorous animal, Doctor," the Nurses were saying. "May we be permitted to know its final designation?"
"It's still under probation," Nemesis replied, looking at the readings. "It hasn't been assigned a final designation yet."
"If it fails its probation, may we have it?" The pitiless hunger in the dual voice was unmistakable. "We could find many uses for a vigorous animal like this."
"It goes down to the pens if it's unsuitable for Advanced Preparation," Nemesis said. "That's the Rule."
"Such a pity…" The Nurses wandered over and stood one on either side of Siggi, their touch colder than the ice. "This is a exceptional specimen. We can't remember the last time we had the pleasure of examining such a pretty, high-spirited animal."
"We don't make exceptions," Nemesis reminded them sharply, "not even for the exceptional."
"Yes, Doctor." Their hands slithered over Siggi's skin and he quivered in pleasure. "Do you wish to continue with the examination?"
"Yes. I want to see how the animal reacts to more advanced stimulation."
Siggi twisted his head around, trying to see what they were doing. The two Nurses were busy lubricating something while Nemesis slipped a pair of heavy insulated gauntlets over her rubber ones; then the Nurses handed the device to Nemesis and Siggi caught a glimpse of four sizable silver balls on a chain – each one slightly wider in diameter than the last – with a short thick plug at the end. The balls weren't smooth; their surfaces were covered with a series of rounded bumps and projections.
At a word from Nemesis, one of the Nurses triggered a control key and the device hummed and glowed in her hands.
"They look satisfactory, Nurse." Nemesis moved behind him, patting his head as he swallowed nervously. "You're going to be a good little animal, aren't you, SW12?" she said. "You're not going to cry over four tiny electro-balls?"
Siggi gulped, looking at the shiny balls and fat plug.
"SW12?"
He shook his head, feeling his muscles contract in a mixture of fear and desire. The balls felt cool and strange, the first one slipping inside him without too much exertion on Nemesis' part. The next one was harder to push past his protesting ring and she frowned.
"Don't be awkward, SW12," she warned.
Siggi relaxed, grunting as the third ball went in; then Nemesis laid her hand flat against the last one, pushed as hard as she could and forced it inside him. The head of the squat plug slipped after it and Siggi squeezed his eyes shut as it stretched him even wider than Nemesis' hand had – then it slithered through and his sphincter settled around its broad tapered base.
"Good animal." She patted his sweating shoulder and the chair swung back until he was sitting upright again, the balls moving inside him as he changed position. They filled him completely, pressing down against the fat plug and making him extremely conscious of their presence. He shifted his hips in a futile attempt to ease some of the pressure, then realised the three gorgeous women were watching him fidget with amused curiosity.
"Getting yourself more comfortable, SW12? Or do you like having that little toy inside you?"
Siggi blushed scarlet. He was scared, humiliated – and aroused again.
Nemesis frowned at his stiffening dick. "Apply ten electro-clamps to its genitals, Nurse."
Siggi flinched as the first toothed clamp bit into his scrotum and tried to take his mind off the discomfort by watching the firm swell of the ice-maidens' breasts as they bent over him, their silver nipple guards flashing in the light. They fastened the clamps to his balls and hard dick, sinking the teeth of the last two into his foreskin, then returned to Nemesis' side.
"Clamps are in place, Doctor."
"I'll begin with them." Nemesis picked up the control key. "Watch the readings and tell me how the animal reacts. Are you ready, SW12?"
Siggi wasn't, but he nodded and closed his eyes.
"The animal is displaying a good positive reaction to the electro-clamps, Doctor," the Nurses said. "A near-perfect balance of pleasure and pain. Any more and the animal would be in serious discomfort: any less and it would climax instantly."
"Excellent." Nemesis touched a button and Siggi sagged back in the chair, his skin glistening with sweat. She gave him a moment to recover then flipped another button and Siggi stiffened all over, snorting and straining against the straps as both electro-balls and plug hummed into shocking life. "And the animal's response now?"
"Still near-perfect, Doctor."
Siggi was crying by the time Nemesis was satisfied with the readings, his flushed cheeks wet with tears, his dick rigid and huge between his spread thighs. Nemesis laid

a hand on his drooping head and stroked the damp blond hair, then her fingers brushed the key again and she smiled as Siggi shuddered and twitched in response, his dick getting even harder.
"Good little animal. Nurse, remove the electro-clamps and give me another full length vibrating sound – medium again, but with fastening rings this time – then water the animal."
The sound slid down his urethra, four thick metal fastening rings snapping around his shaft and gripping like tight fingers, then the Nurses attached the pipe to his gag and his mouth filled with water.
Siggi kept drinking, feeling his stomach swell. He was still swallowing when the sound began to vibrate in his bursting bladder – he wriggled in the chair, gulping water and half-choking as the electro-balls hummed into life in his rectum.
"Such a pretty animal," the Nurses murmured, watching his struggles. "So full of life…"
Right now, Siggi just felt full of water. He gazed at Nemesis with despairing eyes, anxious to convey his distress – he needed to piss, needed to come – but she only smiled and increased the voltage of the electro-balls.
"You have to learn, SW12," was all she said.

It was another two hours before Nemesis let him relieve himself, and when she finally did, she had the Nurses fit him with an internal catheter. The pipe led from his body into a clear rubber bag that was fitted with a second pipe and two taps. Siggi didn't have time to contemplate what the second pipe might be for; he just relaxed and filled the bag, going cross-eyed with relief.
"Better, SW12?" Nemesis asked as he finished.
Siggi nodded, his face glowing with gratitude – but the gratitude was promptly replaced by apprehension as the Nurses locked the second pipe to the tube projecting from his ball gag. They turned the lower tap on and warm yellow fluid ran up the pipe, stopping when it reached the tap at the other end.
Siggi gazed up at Nemesis, begging her not to do this to him.
"Wait, Nurse," she said. She walked over to the chair and laid a gloved hand on Siggi's shoulder. "What's wrong, SW12 – are you still thirsty?"
They were all looking at him, waiting for his answer. Siggi hesitated for a moment, then swallowed and nodded unhappily.
"Good." Nemesis' smile was unkind. "Nurse, water the animal."

Siggi knew he'd done everything he could to please Nemesis, but when he finally stumbled out of the chair on shaky legs and knelt down with the electro-balls still clinking in his bottom, she was frowning at him.
"Get up, SW12," she said.
Siggi obeyed and stood with his head bowed submissively, wondering he'd done wrong.
"Fetch that stool," she ordered, pointing. "Good – now, bend over it, spread your legs and put your hands on the floor."
Siggi did as he was told, feeling the balls move and slither inside him.
"Very nice," Nemesis said, running gloved hands over his buttocks and slapping his tattooed identity code. "Strong legs, trim waist – spread your legs wider, SW12 – firm taut muscles, good clean lines… and the most attractive rump I've seen on any animal." She tapped the handle of her whip against the butt plug and Siggi quivered – then gasped as she flipped the whip around deftly and brought it down hard across his backside. "Now," she said, "if you want to avoid any more demerits, you'll tell me everything you were thinking about while you were strapped in that chair."
She punctuated each word with a stinging flick of her whip, and by the time Siggi had finished speaking, his bottom was a mass of purple bruising and he was crying again, his erection squeezed between his belly and the stool. Nemesis frowned at his hard dick and gave him two more demerits for insolence; then the Nurses removed the electro-balls and opened the security grids while she snapped a leash on his collar, and Siggi crawled after his new Trainer.
Siggi had his first view of the iso-suit after a rigorous cleansing session that left his body spotlessly clean inside and out. He knelt at Nemesis' feet as the men bought the various items out and laid them on the bench for her inspection: belts and clamps; bulky rubber rings; weights, tubes and straps for various parts of his body – and a heavy black rubber suit, complete with gloves, over-mitts, socks, boots and an all-over moulded hood fitted with breathing-tubes and a mouth-ring. The suit had a shaped ball pouch and a penis sheath with a catheter-ring at the front and a larger ring at the back – large enough to take an enema-tube.
Siggi stared at the suit, his mouth falling open as the reality hit him:
He was going to spend the next few days completely encased in rubber…

Photos by Max Pritt

Thoughts on Rope Suspension

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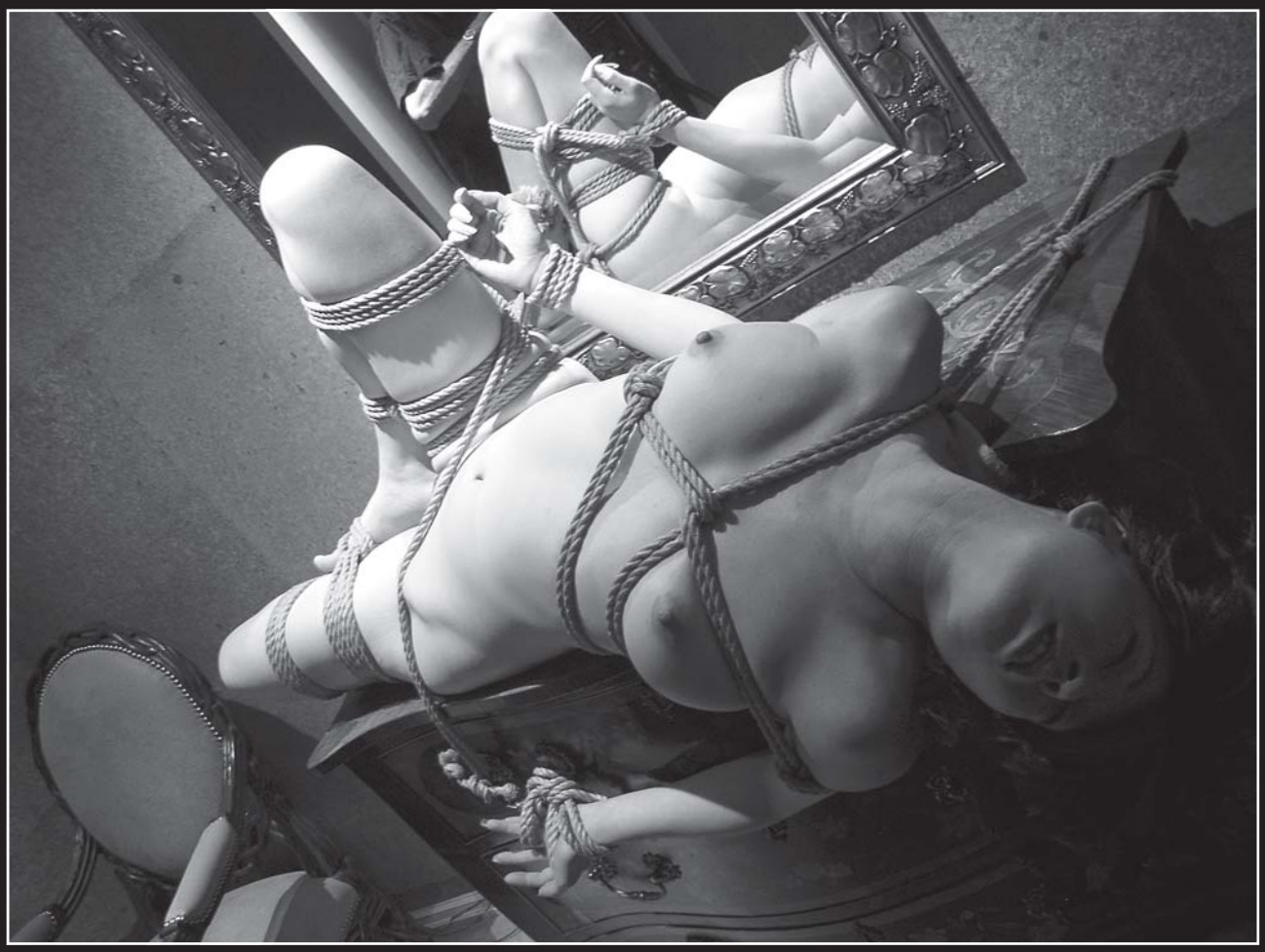

Gorgeous bodies suspended in mid-air. Succulent limbs bound into beautiful arrangements and flesh that twists in erotic slow motion. Carnal butterflies caught in a rope web. This is suspension bondage. I love to create it, play with it, watch it and I've been getting off on it for years. But you know that.

Recently there's been a great deal of discussion about how to do suspension rope bondage. I read about it on-line and participate in discussion with folks at kink gatherings. After a recent on-line discussion I had about this I sat down and thought about it for a while. I needed to think how I wanted to share my perspective. Words of caution can be hard to hear in the midst of fun and frolic.

Why has rope suspension become so popular? Probably because it is visually erotic, flashy and cool. It's very appealing to both the top and bottom. It can provide exquisitely pleasurable pain, or make you feel like a million bucks. It is an amazing theatrical performance scene on stage for public entertainment, or a sensual dance between dominant and submissive when done in private. It can send the bottom into some amazing headspace. Compared to other flashy forms of suspension bondage, such as flesh hooks, it's a lot more accessible to more people.

It makes great fantasy and provides a stunning artistic feast for the senses. But the reality is this - rope suspensions are one of the more dangerous things you can do in the BDSM arena. Depending on the specific

mechanics of the scene, it ranks right up there with burying a person alive with a breathing hole. However, suspending bondage babes looks better in print than a picture of dirt. Besides, I don't know of many dungeons that are equipped to perform mock burial scenes. The risks of rope suspension ranks up there with heavy breathe play. (Heck, rope suspensions can turn into breath play scenes if not careful.) Everyone involved needs to know this and the associated risks that are involved. Over the last few years I have seen a huge increase in the popularity of rope suspension. On the one hand this is great because it can be so sensual and visually exciting. But, I have also been seeing and hearing of things that do concern me on many levels.

I would like to share with you some incidents, thoughts and contributing factors that are relevant to my concerns...

1) When I was much younger - long, long before there was an Internet or the bevy of BDSM instruction books you find today - I spent a lot of time in the rope and learned a lot there. I sought out informal teachers and mentors. Learning and educating myself meant being bound by them, and working my way up to me binding others under their supervision. I finally found myself a rope top who let me formally apprenticed to her as a bottom so I could learn more. As I continued to learn and hone my skills I found that nothing compares to the amount of knowledge I gained about suspensions than from actually being in the rope at the hands of accomplished riggers, each of whom had their own styles and preferences. Oh, it can feel so sweet to be in the ropes! So, today when I send my boys and girls flying, a part of me flies with them. I feel like Daedalus, the Grecian father of Icarus, who crafted wings for his beautiful boy and watched him take flight to the golden sun. My rope-winged ones, instead of falling back to the earth to perish, come flying back into my arms to fly once again. (Perhaps Daedalus was the earliest archetype of the mad-scientist?)

Along with the good feelings, I know what it feels like when things go wrong - really wrong. As some of you know, I am lucky to still have use of my left arm from a bondage accident that occurred well over a decade ago. One of the finest rope tops in California put me in a great and dynamic suspension. To this day I believe that his rope skills runs circles around most of us. I came out of that scene with some serious nerve damage to my arm – damage that only became apparent after we had finished playing. It wasn't his fault. It was just an accident. He knows what it's like to dangle in mid air and he was experienced as anyone. And yet with two highly experienced players, the accident injury still happened.

So I get worried because it appears to me that as the ranks of rope suspension players increases every year, there seems to be fewer people taking the time to critically consider the risks. In addition there are fewer people who are rope topping that know what it is like to be in the ropes their self - without the knowledge of both the good and the bad that can happen with it. I've asked more than a few rope tops about their bottom time history and I'm amazed that some huff at me for even suggesting that! Is it so insulting to be asked that? Do they feel that bottoming makes them less of a person? If so what do they think of their bottoms? Frankly, if I were a rope bottom or model, I would be scared to be in the ropes of one who has not experienced it their self firsthand. To experience rope doesn't change your identity or make you less of a person. It should not be a challenge for a top or dominant who is secure in their identity and ego. I believe that every rope top would benefit by experiencing it in a "lab scene." Lab scenes are the times that we spend doing technical research in the form of play where there are no expectations of erotic altered states or headspace. Lab scenes are what make good tops become better ones. I'm not even asking you to enjoy it. However, to at least try it, to go that extra mile in your rope learning shows that you are truly invested and committed to the art, to pleasure and to safety.

2) In 2003 a bondage model in the US sued and won her suit against a commercial rigger for injury caused directly as a result of her suspension photo shoot. So now there is a legal precedent that has been established by the courts that we need to be concerned about. Folks who rig for performances, photo shoots and web sites need to invest in their skills to minimize their exposure to liability.

3) A few years ago I was hired by a commercial on-line BDSM site to teach their in-house riggers proper ways to safely perform suspension. After I completed training them I found out that there had been a major suspension injury on one of their sets. This was a direct result of an inexperienced rigger performing a suspension bondage without the proper body of knowledge to draw upon. At that point the owners quietly hired me to quell any future questions of a lack of professionalism or knowledge. That was scary. I'm happy that more and more commercial web sites are hiring experienced rope teachers to rig. I just hope they'll realize the importance of doing so before an accident happens.

Although my ponderings here are centered on private play in bedrooms and dungeon parties, it's worth taking a moment to consider the exploding bondage industry. In the past, commercial BDSM was a loose network of some diehard underground producers and porn people branching out to new markets. Today it's a huge commercial force driven by the ubiquitous Internet. It ranges from a solo enthusiast with a live cam and a merchant account all the way to multi-million dollar smut moguls. It has become such a huge business that there are commercial conventions whose attendance is large enough to affect the local economy where they are held in. It seems odd to me that for all this growth, there has not been an equal amount of concern for the development of the skills necessary for safety. One would think that this is important, if for nothing else how exposure to liability might affect the bottom line. Litigious concerns aside, a reputation for skill and safety is far more likely to entice more quality models and talents to a business and help it to grow. If there's any pretense to professionalism - from commercial

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riggers, professional models, for-profit parties to bondage content pay web sites - safety and expertise must be part of their repertoire. Issues of the business of bondage and fetish, however, are better addressed further in a separate article.

4) The emerging problem isn't with the tops alone. I know more than a few bottoms, many of whom are experienced to know better, who don't feel safe or permitted to speak up about their physical or emotional condition. For some odd reason they can take on either the 'macho bottom' or 'good girl' attitude. This isn't healthy or safe. As an erotic sadist, I understand and love a hot and cruel scene. I also understand that neither the top nor the bottom wants to end the scene short. Informing the top about a problem doesn't have to be the end of the scene and it most certainly doesn't make the bottom 'bad.' To the contrary, timely reporting of a possible physical or psychological danger allows a good top to make the necessary changes so the scene can continue on to its merry erotic way.

More bottoms need to speak up about their experiences, both good and bad. Rope tops have much to learn from experienced bottoms. Sometimes the discussion on BDSM experiences and techniques focus exclusively on the top's skills. And it seems only the tops and riggers are heard from. Rope suspension is no exception. We must make room for dialogue about the bottom's experience and headspace in suspension. Technical competence is one thing, but the intent, passion of the play and headspace is very important. This is not about creating a still life of ropes and breasts. So I ask you, the bottoms... don't hesitate to tell us how you feel in suspensions, what works, how it feels, and what goes wrong when it's a bad experience.

5) More people seem intent on replicating the cool bondage positions that they see in photos. However, they are not taking into account that the qualifications of the model, the reality of how the image was taken, the actual outcome of that scene, etc. A photo may appear to be a long endurance shot, but in reality it might have only been seconds just to capture that image. There are riggings and suspensions that I can do with a few select bondage performers that I would never attempt with the average bottom. Not every person can bend their body into the twisted shapes we see. For some suspensions, there are actually very few models who are supple and limber enough to be bound in such a fashion.

Our community, like any other sector of the community, enjoys its fads. A few years ago it was single tails, violet wands, double flogging, fire, etc. Often times

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these are really flashy skills that I suspect bring attention to the top. Yes, many tops, like bottoms, are exhibitionists and love the dungeon attention, which turns them on. There's nothing wrong with that in a BDSM play scene if the focus of the scene is the pleasure of those actually playing. I just don't care to see the bottom's flesh, time and skills used for the social enhancement of a top.

So I'm going to make a little prediction here... I believe that in a few years we are going to see an increase in people suffering from various bondage related injuries. And this scares me.

Having said all this... I truly believe that rope suspensions can be done with increased safety. But due to what it is, it will never be 100% safe. It's like sex, right? There's 'safer sex' but never truly 'safe sex.' This is why I'm really careful about how I teach suspension. I'm also selective about how and whom I teach this to because I'm old-fashioned around my kink and believe in intensive hands-on teaching and mentoring. I teach suspension to those who are my 'living room students' whom I mentor directly or at the end of one of my full weekend Rope Bondage Dojos. Otherwise how can I be certain of the person's preparedness? I can't speak for those in other countries, but in the United States we are highly litigious. I've spoken with other bondage teachers and riggers and many have voiced the same concern. All we need is someone to take a short lesson from us, without proper background, suspend another, cause an injury and then sue us in court for teaching them something they misused!

There are some skill sets where I believe you must first master the basics, that you must learn to walk before you can learn to run. If the student cannot let the bottom 'fly' emotionally and sexually without leaving the ground, I don't think they're qualified to actually suspend someone with ropes. By this I mean that if you can't create the desired headspace and intended effects of erotic magic with rope without suspension, then you're not ready to make suspended flights happen.

Thank you for your patience and understanding in reading this.

Midori
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Midori is the author of "Seductive Art of Japanese Bondage" by Greenery Press. She teaches classes on bondage among other adventurous sex skills. You'll find her classes listed at www.FHP-inc.com. Her own bondage art can be seen at www.BeautyBound.com

Kevin Hundsnurscher

www.elaisted.com

model: Vienna Le Rouge

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THE CHALLENGE

BY ALEX JORDAINE

"We'll make a dominatrix of you yet," Mistress Catherine had said to Sophia towards the end of an intense threesome she had enjoyed with her and Alice, Sophia's beautiful blonde lover. Those words had played through Sophia's mind ever since like an unstoppable tape loop.

In her sadomasochistic relationships prior to falling in love with Alice, Sophia had always been a submissive. Lately she found that she derived great pleasure from disciplining Alice and now recognised herself as being a 'switch'.

The threesome had involved serious play where Mistress Catherine disciplined Sophia and Alice. Then Sophia had turned the tables on Catherine by bringing her to orgasm by torturing her nipples. The dominatrix had been impressed.

"Do you really think I have it in me to become a domme, Mistress?" Sophia asked Catherine later.

"Put it this way," replied Catherine, "I think you've got real potential. I can see a lot of myself in you, frankly."

"We do look alike, don't we." They did too – same aqua eyes, high cheekbones and dark hair cut in a simple bob.

"Sure," agreed Catherine. "But it's what's inside I was talking about. I've got a feeling we're two of a kind in more ways than just our physical similarity."

"That's encouraging. Maybe that'll make you more inclined to go along with what I'm about to request."

"Which is?"

"I know it's a lot to ask, Mistress, but would you be willing to give me some training in how to be a dominatrix?"

"The answer's yes, and I'm flattered you should ask. Clearly the ideal place for the training would be my dungeon. You'll also need a slave to practice on and Alice would be the obvious choice, agreed?"

"Agreed, Mistress."

"This Saturday evening OK for you two?"

"Yes Mistress."

"It's a deal, then. Oh, and good luck, Sophia. You're certainly going to need it!"

Forward to that Saturday evening, where we now find Mistress Catherine, Sophia and Alice in Catherine's spacious dungeon, the ominous gloom of which is made more threatening by the racks lining two of its dark walls. These contain a terrifying collection of straps, whips and other instruments of correction. And then there is all the sinister looking metal and black leather covered dungeon equipment …

Catherine is nude except for a soft leather choker and very high-heeled boots. Sophia and Alice are naked but for slave's collars and their wrist and ankle cuffs.

The slaves stand face-to-face with two long chains hanging from the ceiling clipped to their collars and two short ones to their ankle cuffs. Their arms have been left free and they are caressing one another sensuously. Sophia begins to kiss Alice, probing her mouth with her tongue and she feels her breathe a sigh of pleasure.

"I hate to interrupt you two lovebirds," says Mistress Catherine, pulling them apart by the hair, "but it's time for you to be disciplined. I've some good news and bad news," she continues. "Do you want to hear what it is?"

"Yes Mistress," chorus the slaves.

"Alice," she says, "I want you to do everything you can to pleasure Sophia while I'm disciplining her. That's the good news - for Sophia, anyway!"

"So, the bad news is for me, Mistress?" asks Alice anxiously.

"I'm afraid it is, slave. The bad news is that whenever I'm disciplining you I want Sophia to make sure that she adds to your torment as much as possible. That is unless I tell her to do otherwise. Now, let the punishment begin."

Catherine takes hold of a heavy leather paddle and starts to beat Sophia's rear with it. Alice returns to kissing her lover and brings one caressing hand to her breasts and the other to her pussy. She slides her middle finger down to Sophia's clit and teases it round and round before pushing two fingers up between her labia.

When Catherine moves behind Alice and begins paddling her backside, Sophia scratches her lover on the back with the sharp fingernails of one hand and squeezes her nipples hard with those of the other. When her own rear is being paddled again, Sophia hand-spanks Alice and squeezes her nipples even harder.

Throughout this ordeal the two women continue to kiss, their tongues flicking together, while Alice gives ever more concentrated attention to masturbating Sophia. She uses one hand to play with her pussy and the other to massage her clitoris. Catherine's beating and Alice's fingering of Sophia become ever more frenzied until her pleasure-pain peaks and a powerful orgasm washes over her.

Mistress Catherine detaches the chains from the slaves'

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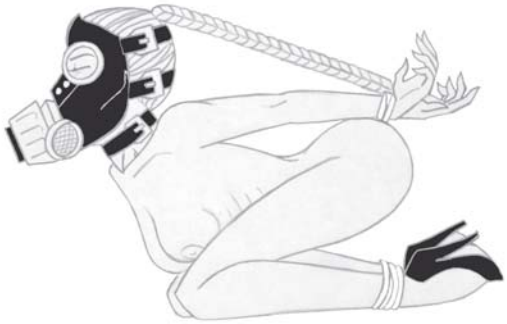
collars and ankle cuffs. She tells Sophia to remain standing and Alice to get onto her knees. She and Sophia then lead Alice crawling to a St. Andrews cross. After getting her to stand up, they strap her face-first to the cross at the wrists, upper arms, waist and ankles. Catherine blindfolds her while Sophia gags her with a ball gag.

Catherine hands one of the two large floggers she is holding to Sophia and the women take it in turns to whip Alice's back and arse. It soon becomes apparent to Alice that her two tormentors are vying with each other to see who can whip her with the greatest ferocity. There is just no let up and it is only when even the ball gag cannot entirely stifle the sound of Alice's screams that they cease.

"Something rather different now, I think," says Catherine. "Sophia, get on your knees and crawl to the corner of the dungeon. Then, simply kneel there, watch and learn."

She picks up a lengthy bullwhip and, standing well back from her victim, begins whipping Alice on the back and arse with it. She bullwhips her with great skill and precision, not stopping until the punished areas of the slave's body are a mass of angry welts.



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"Well, what did you think of that, Sophia?" she asks as she strides towards the kneeling slave.

"It was impressive, Mistress, … very impressive."

"It was, wasn't it, even though I say so myself. The bullwhip is dangerous if used by someone who doesn't know what they're doing. It took me a great deal of disciplined practice to be as proficient as I am now. Anyway, you told me how impressed you were," she continues as she shifts position to stand before Sophia with her naked sex in her face. "I want you to show me just how much."

Sophia buries her face between Catherine's thighs and places a kiss directly on the lips of her sex. She caresses her backside with one hand and brings the other up between her legs. She fingers Catherine's vagina while licking her clit until she trembles to a climax.

"You're very good at that," Catherine says. "So good, that I want you to crawl over to the cross now and give Alice some of the same treatment – pure pleasure this time, no pain."

Sophia kneels below Alice, licks and kisses her feet and then works her way up her legs to her beautiful punished rear. She licks and kisses her backside before prising her arse cheeks apart. She sticks her tongue out and leans forward, applying it to the tight ring of pink flesh at the opening of her anus, which she goes on to lick greedily. At the same time she works a hand to the front of Alice's sex to find and frantically finger her erect clitoris.

Sophia is licked herself next – by a stroke of the whip, as Catherine resumes her carefully aimed use of the bullwhip, this time on Sophia's back and arse. This causes her to intensify her pleasuring of Alice with her fingers and tongue until, sighing and gasping beneath her gag, she climaxes.

Catherine and Sophia next turn Alice around on the cross and re-secure her, still leaving her blindfolded and gagged. Catherine attaches chained clamps to her nipples and labia. Sophia thinks of Catherine's instruction to her that she should add to Alice's torment as much as possible. She attaches weights to the clamps and watches, her eyes shining with cruel pleasure, as her lover winces in pain.

"Excellent, Sophia," says Catherine. "You have the mark of the true sadist about you. But let's see how well you can take agonising pain yourself."

She puts clamps on Sophia's nipples before bending her over a whipping bench, with the instruction to spread her legs. She clamps her labia and adds a succession of magnetic weights to these until it is evident from the extent her labia have stretched and Sophia's anguished squeals that she is in great pain. She takes hold of a snake whip and beats Sophia's rear with it relentlessly until her squeals turn to screams.

"Time to release Alice," Catherine pronounces. "You stay where you are, though, Sophia."

She removes the weighted clamps from Alice's nipples and labia and takes off her blindfold and gag, before undoing the straps that hold her to the cross. Once released, Alice throws herself to the ground at Catherine's feet in abject servitude and licks her high-heeled boots.

Catherine allows her to do this for a little while before telling her, "Alright, that's enough of that now, Alice. I want you to lie flat on your back with your legs spread wide. You, Sophia," she instructs, turning to the other slave, "come down off that whipping bench and get onto your knees in front of Alice. I want you to lick her pussy. Stick your arse in the air and spread your legs. That's right … I want to admire those weighted clamps. My, they do look painful!"

Catherine whips Sophia ferociously on the back and rear with a cat-o-nine tails. Sophia's nipples are also very painful because of the clamps attached to them. The weights pull viciously on her clamped labia as well.

Although she is in great pain herself, Sophia remembers Catherine's instruction to add to Alice's torment whenever she can. While continuing to lick her pussy she brings both hands up to her lover's breasts and squeeze her nipples as hard as possible. Alice screams in agony … and both women climax violently.

Catherine tells the two slaves to stand up, and then carefully removes the clamps and weights from Sophia's punished body

"So far, so good, Sophia," says Catherine. "But now for the acid test."

"I want you to dominate me now," she announces as she gets onto all fours. " Let's see what you're really made of."

Sophia doesn't need telling twice. She takes hold of the heaviest flogger in the dungeon and immediately begins raining blow after vicious blow onto Catherine's backside.

The ever-gentle Alice crawls to the front of Catherine and caresses her shoulders to comfort her. This only serves to encourage Sophia to increase the ferocity of the beating

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she is giving to Catherine's rear end. She also brings the flogger up between her thighs to whip her pussy.

"Lie flat on your back with your legs spread, Catherine," commands Sophia next, a cold, emotionless expression on her face. "Alice, you grovelling little bitch, lick her boots."

Alice does as she is told but casts an upset and anxious look in Sophia's direction.

"I see you're looking hurt," says Sophia in a sharp tone. "Good. That means I'm doing my job."

Sophia uses the same flogger she has thrashed Catherine's backside with to whip her breasts. Alice begins to edge her way up Catherine's legs, kissing and licking her thighs, until she gets to her sex. She starts to lick her pussy and at first Sophia allows this, while continuing to whip her breasts. However, when it is clear that Catherine is close to orgasm Sophia pulls Alice away by the hair roughly.

"Oh no you don't, Alice," she says. "We're here to discipline her, not to give her pleasure."

"Catherine," Sophia further commands, her tone crisp, "get onto your knees again, crawl over to those stocks and stand next to them."

Sophia gags Catherine and places her with her neck and wrists locked in the stocks. She tells her to spread her legs and attaches her ankles to the cuffs at either end of a wooden hobble bar.

"I know what's on your mind, Catherine," she says. "You're wondering what I'm going to beat you with and where. On the arse, certainly, you're thinking but maybe on the breasts and pussy as well. You're nice and exposed in these stocks. Will I perhaps put vicious weighted clamps on your labia like you did to mine? These are the sort of thoughts running through your mind aren't they, Catherine, you sadistic cunt."

"I see that you nod in agreement," she continues. "Well, let me disabuse you of such notions. I know what an incredibly horny state you're in – 'It takes one to know one,' you might say, if you were permitted to utter. Think, therefore, what torment it would be for you to watch Alice and me having rampant sex together but be unable to do anything yourself …. Because that's exactly what's going to happen.

" No 'threesomes' for you this time, Catherine. You can't even play with yourself, locked as you are in those stocks. Let's face it, you can't even rub your thighs together and give yourself a bit of a thrill, with your legs held wide apart like that by the hobble bar. No, Catherine, you're completely fucked – metaphorically speaking, that is, you certainly won't be in any other way!"

Sophia begins this very special punishment for Catherine by lying flat on her back in front of her with her legs spread apart. She gestures to Alice to kneel to her side and masturbate her. Alice finds her clit and gently circles it before plunging two and then three fingers into her sex. She plays vigorously with her sopping wet pussy, while all the time licking and kissing her breasts and nipples until Sophia climaxes noisily.

"Your turn now, Alice," she says next. "Get onto your back."

Sophia licks her lover's nipples and parts her thighs so that she can play with her pussy. She then squeezes her nipples and bites them hard, causing Alice to cry out in pain and climax violently at the same time.

"What a shame you're missing out on all this, Catherine," Sophia says in a tone of mock solicitude. "After all, I know only too well from personal experience how partial you are to receiving a little nipple torture yourself. Well," she concludes, "Tough shit!"

She kneels on all fours, looking directly into the blue depths of Catherine's eyes as she addresses Alice: "Lick my feet, slave," she commands, " and finger fuck me. Give me everything you've got."

Sophia keeps staring directly into Catherine's eyes while Alice is pleasuring her in this way. She carries on staring

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at Catherine, her eyes gleaming, even to the point where she climaxes, which she does in a series of shuddering gasps and cries.

“Alice,” she commands next, “Lie on the floor in front of Catherine with your legs spread apart. That’s right … Now take the handle of this bullwhip I’m passing to you (That’s right, it’s the one that Catherine seems to like so much) and put it into that wet pussy of yours. Good slave; contract your vaginal muscles around it. Oh, I see you’re already doing that. But I also want you to squeeze your nipples and spank your clit. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“You are to pinch your nipples and spank your clitoris as hard as you can bare. And then do you know what I want you to do?”

“No Mistress,” replies the frantic slave.

“I want you to squeeze your nipples and spank your clit even harder. That’s what I really call self abuse!” she laughs.

“Now, you see this vicious looking cane,” says Sophia, turning her attentions to Catherine and removing her gag. “I’m going to beat you with it until you beg for mercy. When you beg for mercy - and believe me, Catherine, it’s ‘when’ not ‘if’ - you must call me Mistress. The same rule applies if you want to come. Is that understood?”

Catherine says nothing but nods her head blankly in assent.

“You too, Alice,” Sophia adds. “You don’t come unless I say so. Clear?”

“Clear, Mistress.”

At first Sophia’s caning of Catherine is nothing less than harsh and it just gets steadily more ferocious. She even breaks the cane on her backside at one stage because she is wielding it so viciously. However Sophia simply shrugs and replaces it with another one.

Sophia goes relentlessly on and on with the beating until Catherine’s backside and upper thighs are criss-crossed with numerous angry tramlines.

“I will defeat you, you bitch,” she rasps finally as she canes Catherine’s rear with such force that she breaks the skin in several places.

“Mercy, oh mercy, Mistress please,” Catherine sobs suddenly as the fierce pain becomes too much. “Oh …God, permission to come, Mistress please … please, I beg you.”

“No need to beg. A simple request is all that’s needed,” says Sophia sarcastically. “Permission granted. You too, Alice.”

Sophia looks down on Catherine with an expression of contempt. Catherine is sobbing and trembling, tears running down her cheeks in streams before dripping onto the dungeon floor. She is in the throes of a fierce orgasm that is causing her to moan and cry in a frenzy of agony and desire, her love juices cascading down her thighs.

At the same time Sophia can see Alice’s sex pulsating uncontrollably around the handle of the bullwhip as she squeezes her nipples hard and ferociously spanks her clitoris, in the midst of her own indescribably intense climax.

Sophia’s face breaks into a radiant smile of pure triumph. She catches Alice’s eye. The look that passes between them is one of pure love.

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This story was taken from "Deviat Desires" ,
written by Alex Jordaine.
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Real submissive or a true dominant?

by Screamer

Here's something that bothers me. Real. ---- True.

Yes. It's Screamer. Stirring the pot again. Imagine.

There's no such thing as a **real submissive** or a **true dominant**. See, the great thing about kink is that we get to do anything we want and call it what we want and not have to worry about other people thinking we're sick and twisted. (We already *know* we're sick and twisted or, at the very least, irregular.)

Living with your dominant? Wearing a collar all the time? Got a crop behind your car seat and cuffs in the glove box? I find those things very cool. But they don't make you anymore real or true than the guy down the street who only does this on weekends when his kids are at Grandma's and he and his wife can play in the bedroom without being bothered. Participating in public play, going to parties and seminars - these things are wonderful for education, enjoyment and community building. But belonging to, and participating in such doesn't make you any more "true" than the schoolteacher down the street who can't participate publicly for fear of alienating her family or her students.

She's real. He's true. They're both as into this as you and I are. They're just quiet about it.

Words like "real" and "true" do more harm in a lifestyle like ours than good. When you start bandying about words like that, it alienates people. Makes them worry too much about living up to someone's perceived notion of what really *is* real and true. It elevates, in some eyes, people to heights of knowledge and wisdom that they may or may NOT be worthy of. And it makes others feel as if they'll never measure up to what they think they should be.

While I agree that there should be some basic definitions (submissive, dominant, top, bottom), they must be pretty loose and free because I don't want to be put in anyone else's box. I want to draw my own box. That's part of the great thing about being kinky. If I wanted clear, concise, perfect definitions, I'd still be Catholic - I'd still be married with a mortgage, 2.5 kids and a dog in the backyard. (Not that you can't be kinky and have that - many, many do. But they aren't living by the definitions of their vanilla thinking. They're making their own rules. Ain't that cool?)

I get decidedly tight when someone starts saying "Well, he's a true Master because his submissive is on a leash" (and yes, you do hear that.) or "She's a true slave because she wears her collar all the time and never says no to her Sir." I frankly find those things wonderful and fun and romantic. But I don't think you can draw distinctions like that. Hell, the goth kids wear collars all the time. Someone want to tell a 16 year old goth kid to "Kneel, bitch?"

Things do not make you real. Words do not make you a true anything (except a wordsmith). What makes you - you - is YOU. Your actions, your deeds, your life. You aren't real and true to anyone but yourself, and you know what? I like it that way. Someone asked me this weekend where my collar was - and since they didn't see one - I must not be a collared submissive - or, I wasn't a submissive (Was I in Top mode this weekend? Did I want to cane someone? Anyone want to explain to these folks that this dogtag dangling between my breasts - out of view - close to my heart - is more of a collar than the leather one I used to wear to parties? Anyone want to explain that you don't have to play publicly to be "real"?

I think those of us who are more communicative about our lifestyle are often seen as more "real" because we put it all out there for the world to see. I've been involved in the public scene for over six years. But that doesn't mean I'm anymore a true submissive than the teacher. It just means I have a big mouth and carry a long cane bag. It means that I like to share ideas and I like to discuss things. And that's all it really means.

Which brings me to my other botherment.
Misguided hero worship.

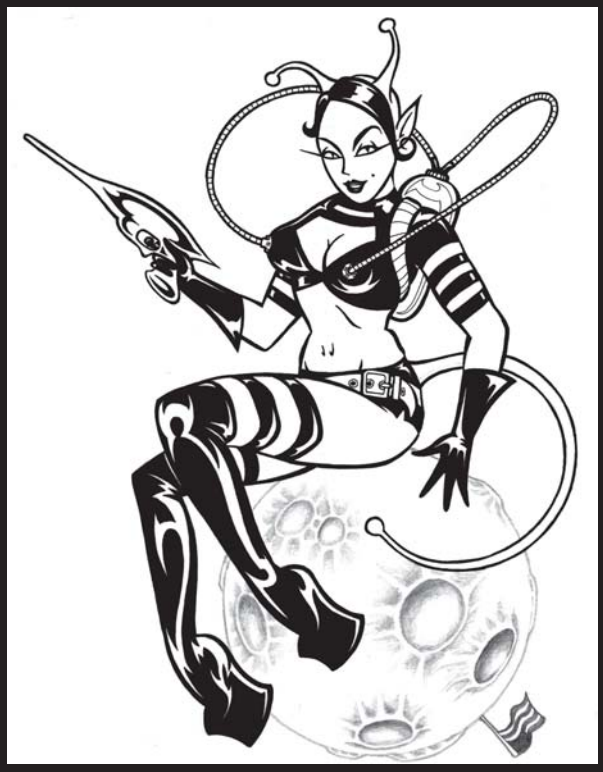
I spent a lot of time this weekend observing some of the most prominent authors of the D/s community. Having met them all at one time or another, I can most assuredly say that, with one exception, they don't want to be 'worshipped' by the D/s community. (And if they do, I don't want to know them.) They wrote books. They shared knowledge. Doesn't mean they *have* anymore knowledge than "Mr.Bedroom" from above. Just means they can string words together and don't mind sharing their experience and knowledge with the public. They take time from their schedules with family and jobs to lecture and teach. They enjoy doing so. I think that's cool. I think it's wonderful that they give of themselves. Anyone who teaches anything is a treasure in my book. But I know from personal experience - and the email I've gotten from my essays over the years - that writing it down doesn't mean the writer knows more than anyone else. Again. In my own case, I just have a really big mouth and a talent for stringing words together.

Hey, we all get naked the same way, folks. Some of us just do it with a royalty check in hand.

I think more than anything else, I just want to see people having a good time. I want to enjoy watching you enjoying yourself. I want to watch you smile when you hold that shiny new paddle and I want to hear you laugh when those new cuffs tickle your feet. And even more than that, I want to know that the schoolteacher and the plumber are having their own fun in their own way. And that they don't think themselves better than I - worse than I - or more real or true than I.

That we all *are*. That's all.

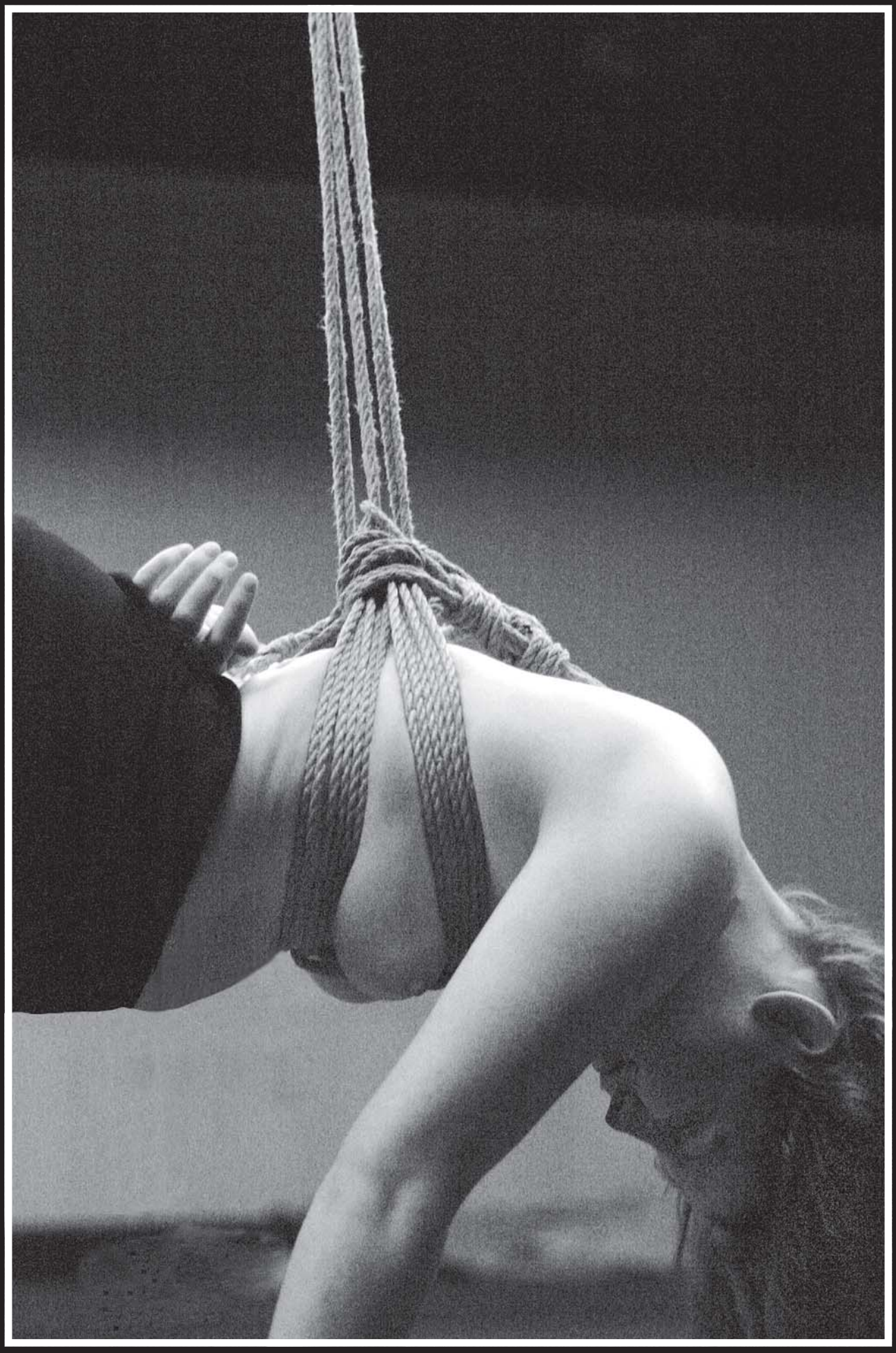
Krysztof Nemeth



With a typical, almost tattoo/pinup style, Krysztof caught my attention. The fact that he has a very recognisable style, the pure black & white ink drawings makes him stand out from the rest.
When I visited his website (www.charm-school.com) is noticed his talent and his love for submission, toilets, whips, guns and rubber. His drawings makes me think of those drawings we could see on the side of the bommers, but in fetish style. Refreshing, kinky, funny and very stricking. I like it, I just hope you did also...

Jürgen

Lochai



Lochai

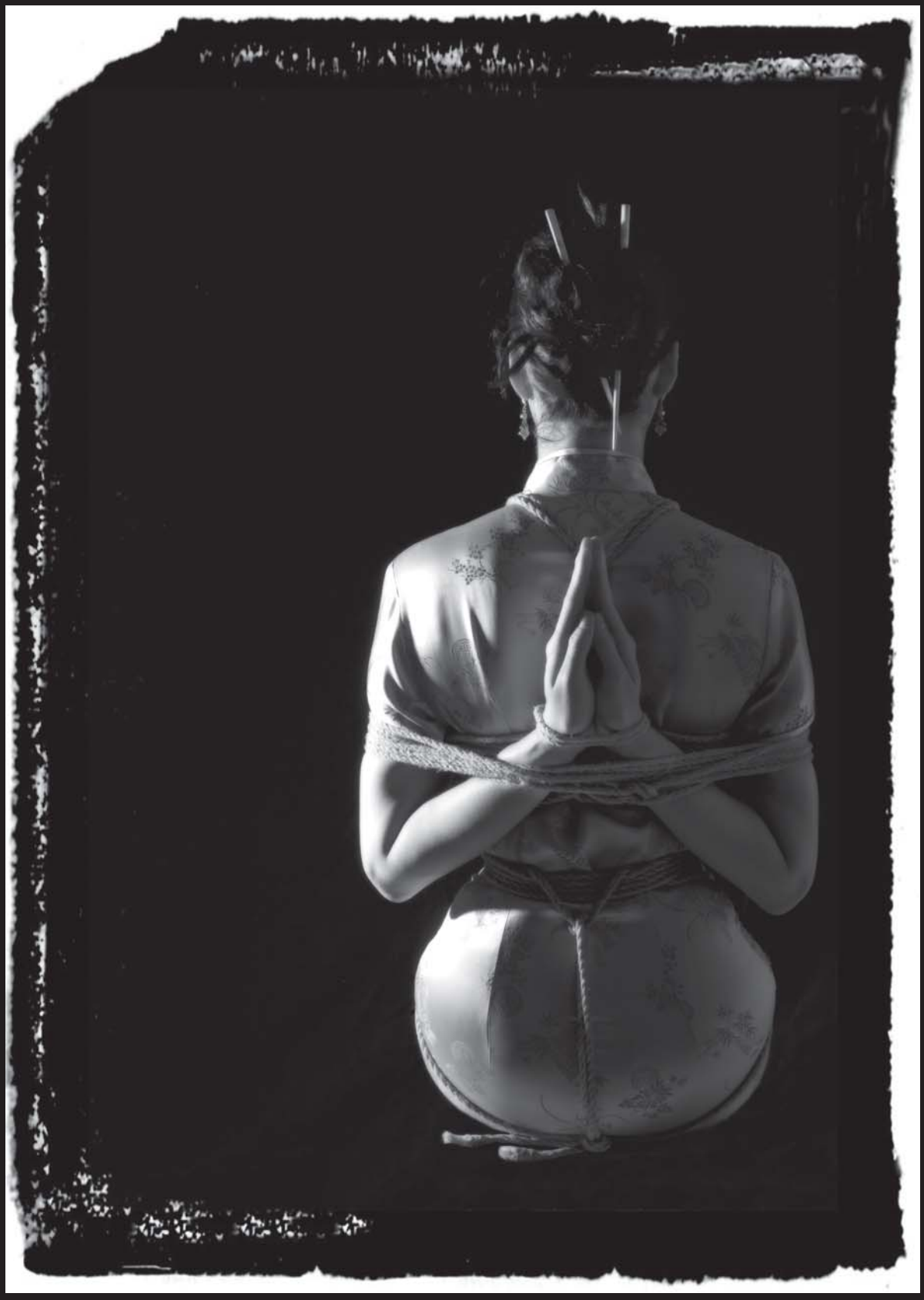
Lochai's rope work, erotica, photography and essays have been published or shown in Secret Anthology 4, Prometheus Magazine, Skin II, Equus Eroticus and The Body Archive in NYC. He is the rope artist for the Digital Kinbaku project with photographer John Gillan. http://digitalkinbaku.com

Over the last few years he has become a student of kinbaku, the art of Japanese rope. He uses as his tools rope, bamboo, a human canvas and his imagination to show the world his inner erotic vision.

For print information & to view his online gallery please visit http://kirinawa.com

Lochai

Lochai



Time for a flogging!

by SwitchinKC

I was at the social but my heart wasn't in it. My friend had gone out of town on an errand, a very important errand, but nevertheless, she was not there. I figured I would go and pick the brains of some of the people there that I knew, try to steer the chitchat away from the mundane, and onto the topic of BDSM. I knew a couple of doms, and a male sub, so I figured I could learn something if I asked the right questions. I got there early and got into a conversation with S, who by day is an executive (I had even seen him on TV a year ago), and who at night is a dom... I recall he said he had a policewoman as a sub. Talk about a role reversal. But that was no longer his situation. We talked about getting started, about sources of information, about attitude, confidence and many other aspects that he felt made for the foundation of a good Dom. We even got into a discussion of flogging techniques, with a little demo thrown in.

As conversations do, ours ended and we drifted off into the random motion of the social. I bumped into j, and got some insights in the life of a male sub, once 24/7. Interesting talk, interesting evening, learning a few things on both sides. Encountered a dom/sub couple, again keeping the conversation on topic, they were open in describing their interactions and the mental aspects of their relationship.

I had a few beers, some good conversation, felt the evening was worthwhile, and I had lost track of time. I was enjoying the evening. I had ended up by myself at table, sitting back and watching the tornado of people and lifestyles that was AHS swirl around me. I didn't see her approach and take a seat next to me. She said hi.

I turned and saw it was c, one of the women I had met at the OFB only a few weeks before (was it really less than one month ago?). I did talk to her a bit that night and then at the next meeting. I even had her arrested once at the OFB, mainly to get her in jail so that one of the jailers, who was interested in her, could talk to her. I hung around the cell and chatted with her a bit mainly to find out where the beautiful woman in black went that night... and then she was let loose and I went on my way. She seemed nice enough, but one opinion floating around was that she was a cock tease, all show and no go.

We got to talking; we shared an interest in Heinlein, and we swapped favorite books, quotes, characters and scenes, laughed at some of the entries in the "Notebooks of Lazarus Long", and then went on to other books and other things. She was interesting enough to talk to, pretty, sexy, and so of course my hormones kicked in. And I had heard from my friend that she once said she would go after me, whatever that meant.

Recent events had started to get me out of the shell of isolation and self-deprecation that I had been in for far too long. I found myself at that instant wondering how I had the guts to jump out of an aircraft at 16,000 feet, yet had trouble talking to a woman. I guess somewhere in my past I had judged woman far more dangerous than gravity. They do have something in common: they both suck, but with gravity games, you burn in once and its over; with a woman, a mistake can kill you slowly over a period of years.

I must have laughed aloud at this thought, as she looked at me and asked what was so funny. So, against my usual instinct, I told her exactly what I had been thinking at that moment. I asked her if I could buy her a drink, did so, and then found a quiet corner in that crowded room so we could sit and chat more intimately. I figured, if nothing else transpired, I could use the practice. If I screwed up and made an ass out of myself, or got turned down, I would at least learn something. And if I got lucky... well I hoped my friend wouldn't hold it against me. It had, after all, been a long dry season.

So we talked about all kinds of things, and I listened intently, because she was an interesting conversationalist, and because I wanted to find a chink in her "cock tease" armor. People would come by to say hi, but would soon leave, as we seemed to them to be in our own little world. Then one of the itinerant peddlers in the group came by selling toys. She looked over the toys and we laughed at

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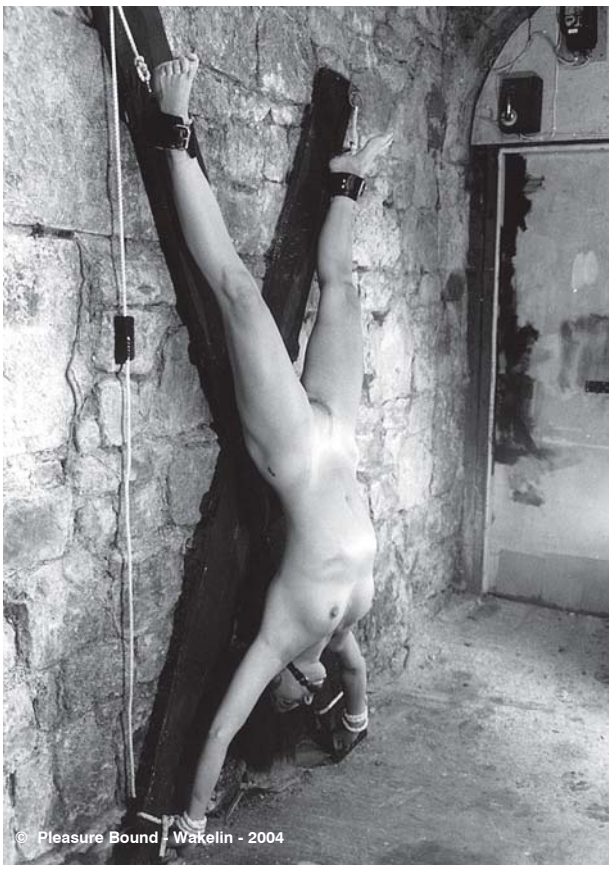
them and joked about where this goes, what that does, what effect they might have on her. The talk grew increasingly sexual and explicit, I could see her eyes light up and she became even more animated as we went through the collection.

Then I spied a flogger, one of five that the peddler had hanging from his belt. I snatched it up and held it in my hand, then gave it a few experimental flicks. It had a dark, almost black, wood handle, and cats of black suede leather. I looked over at her and saw she was watching me intently... I flicked it a few more times while looking into her eyes, and then while maintaining my gaze, asked the peddler his price. We struck a bargain and I paid him. He left and we fell silent for a moment. Then I said, it was a pity; I had a new flogger and no one to try it out on; would she care for the role?



There, I had made my play, now it was up to her... I didn't know why she would say yes, I didn't know why she had looked so fascinated by the flogger. Did she really, like my friend said, have an agenda towards me that she was now trying to fulfill, and so had seen the opening and was going to take it? I knew she liked her men buff, I was not; and dumb, and I was assuredly not. I had no idea if the supposed pursuit of me was mere talk or was there some attraction on her part. Would it be just to possess something that someone else had?

The silence sat between us, our gazes were locked... then she dropped her eyes and said that yes she would like to... I was dumbfounded. I felt like a dog that had been chasing after a car, then the car stopped and I caught it; what was I to do? I was sure she knew I was an absolute novice, a newbie, untried and untested. Yet she said yes. I figured the only way to proceed was to take the bull by the horns and act, but not overact, the role. But I also wanted to push her and myself as far as I could, figuring I would scare her off, or the cock tease would take over and the situation would peter out... or that we both could have an interesting time.

So I was frank with her; did she know I was an absolute novice, that I had only thought, read and fantasized about this, but never had applied whip to flesh? And she said yes. Did she know that I wanted to have sex with her? And she said yes. Did she want to have sex with me? And she said yes. She was already playing the role of a submissive. We looked at each other...

...and then the tension broke like a dam, and relief flooded our conversation; we laughed and said to each other "why not?" We knew that we needed to come to some agreement regarding limits, and discussed our individual needs and taboos. Since this was a first time for both, we decided to keep things simple and low key. Light bondage, light flogging, she would allow clothespins to be used on her, blindfold and gag if I wanted, she would obey me just for the time we were to spend together, and my demands would be simple and the consequences for disobedience or failure simple. We would learn to play with each other, would not pressure each other and would make allowances to cover our mutual inexperience. As to sex she agreed to oral on each other, and vaginal with a condom required. We decided on a safe word, she chose "Lazarus" after the long-lived character in the Heinlein novels we knew so well. She would not call me master, we would both be respectful. My, were we formal, almost elegant in our discussion. As we conversed we both became eager. So we decided to quit the social.

We had agreed to go to my place; neither wanted to leave a vehicle there, and she decided that I would follow her home and we would drive up together. I thought she was giving herself an out, that the cock tease would show herself. When we arrived at her place I fully expected to be told that she had changed her mind. Instead, she parked her car and came over to get into mine. I was shocked, but kept my head. I opened the door for her, and she got in. As I closed it I resolved to be a gentleman dominant, considerate, formal, elegant and in control.

She didn't need anything from her house; I had told her I had plenty of supplies such as toothbrushes, etc, so we drove away. I also told her that in addition to her safeword, she merely had to say, at anytime, "Take me home" and I would do so, immediately, no questions asked, and no hard feelings. She agreed to this. Some minutes later, I asked her if our "play" could start now. She looked at me quizzically, and then gave her consent.

I had decided to start now, try to test the cock tease, she if she would really go through with it, or would she say "Take me home".

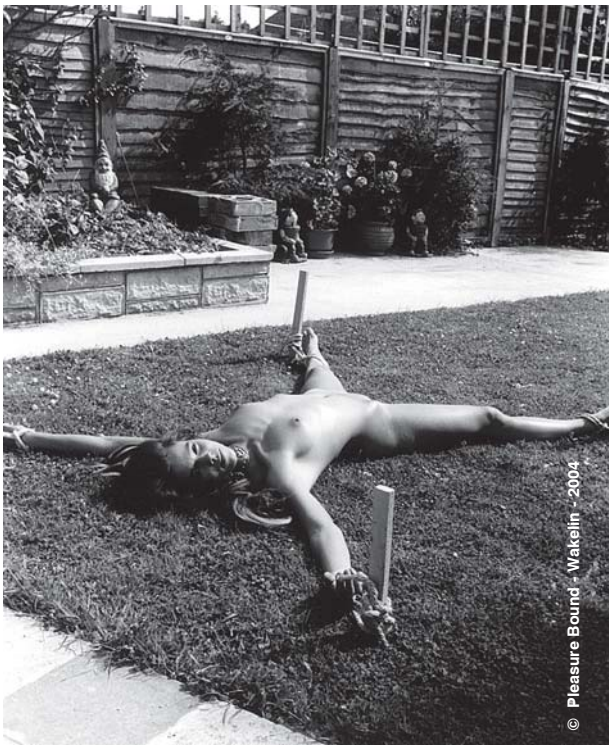
The top was down on my convertible, the side windows were up, it was a warm summer night, we were on an interstate that had little traffic at the moment. I looked at her, and said, "Take off your clothes". Her face went through a gamut of emotion; consternation, indecision, embarrassment, then acceptance, even eagerness. Wordlessly, she pushed the seat back, slipped off her shoes, and began removing her top. She took it off using

that sexy indescribable motion that women use, grasping it along the bottom with her arms crossed and pulling it up over her head with a smooth motion, discarding it at her feet. She was wearing a front closing black bra. Her hands went to the clasp, then hesitated for a second before she unclasped it and almost defiantly took it off and flung it in my lap. Her breasts were beautiful, tan and white with dark areola, her nipples erect in the chill and excitement. Her breasts swayed from the motion as she dropped back in the seat. I was glad I switched from briefs to boxers! Her wrap around skirt came off next; she wore panty hose. These she pulled down in a striptease, pointing her toes as she rolled one leg down at a time. When they were off, she leaned over and tied the hose around my neck like a scarf, then gave a little seated curtsey, arms held high and wide, legs apart. Tada! If either of us had been drunk, this had sobered us up in a hurry!

I smiled at her and thanked her, told her she put on a sexy performance, and has a beautiful body. She sat back in the seat, figuring I was through for now.

I was just getting started.

I reached over to touch her breast, trying to keep my mind on the road, with all my blood rushing from my brain to my cock. She sat there and looked at me as I explored her breast, cupped it, hefted it, rolled her erect nipple in my finger. I moved my hand down her flank to her belly, and then toward the cleft between her legs. “Spread your legs”. “Wider”. She obeyed with a shy yet wanton smile, she new what was coming. She shifted her bottom so she sat as close to me as possible, and layback in the seat. My hand moved to her pussy, feeling the wetness there. I spread her lips, stealing glances at her face. Her eyes had closed, her mouth was slightly open, a low moan rose over the noise of the road. I ran my fingers up her slit and found her clit, and massaged it lightly, going down to moisten my fingers inside her and then back to her clit in a slow steady motion. Her face took on a sensuous look as her mouth grew slack and her moans rose. I could feel little shocks in her body, saw her hips move felt her get even wetter as I quickened the pace. The situation and my ministrations were getting to her, reaching deep inside her body and mind. She pushed her thighs together, perhaps to try to intensify her sensations. I thought to order her to keep them apart, but then I decided I wanted her to cum and so would let her react anyway she wanted. “I want you to cum” I said, in a clear, gentle, commanding tone; “I want you to cum” I repeated, and this became our mantra. My fingers were hot on the trail of her orgasm, her moans became cries, her body increased its spasms. She finally arched her back, bearing down on my hand she locked it with her thighs, and grabbed my arm with both hands to keep my fingers where she wanted them and came! Her motions and cries were at a peak that subsided gently to moans and shudders, to finally deep breaths and rest. She looked over at me with a smile on her face and a shine in her eyes, watched me lick her juices off my fingers one at a time. I knew she was NOT going to say “Take me home” anytime soon.



We arrived at my place. I hit the garage door opener and drove in, shutting the door immediately. I apologized for the mess, and opened my door, got out, and held it for her. She stood up nude and stepped over the seats and out of the car as I held her hand. Without a backward glance for her clothes, we entered the house, and went up the stairs to my living room. She asked to use the bathroom, and I led her to it. I told her to come back to the living room and to kneel on the floor, back upright, with her legs apart, hands behind her back, eyes down, and await my return. While she was busy, I went to my bedroom and ripped off my casual clothes. I put on my black suit, black dress shirt, black tie, black socks and shoes. Brushed my hair and tried to calm down. I thought the contrast of a suit with her nudity would add to the Dom/sub role-play. I picked up the flogger and went back to the living room.

She was kneeling there as I ordered. I approached her and raised her head, and ran my fingers through her hair. She smiled when she saw me in my suit. I praised her for obeying me, then took her hands and raised her to her feet. We went into the kitchen, where I sat down in a chair, then told her that I was going to spank her. She lay over my legs, her ass at my right hand. With my left hand I grabbed her tit, and proceeded to spank her. I started slowly slapping one cheek, then the other. I liked the way her ass shook with each strike, enjoyed the way her body shook. She made little grunting noises at first, changing to “ow” then “OUCH” then small screams as I continued. Her ass turned red as I increased the speed and force of the blows; it felt very warm when I stopped and caressed her smooth flesh. I am sure she felt my hardening cock against her side. Her reddened ass looked so beautiful and vulnerable as she lay over my lap. I kept fondling her breast with my left hand and explored her pussy with my right. She was very wet and squirmed as I explored her. I turned her and sat her on my lap, then kissed her. This time I presented my fingers for her to clean off, she hesitated then did. I kissed her again for a long time.

I let her up and had her stand facing me with her hands clasped behind her head. Her breasts were thrust forward, at my eye level. I asked her how her ass felt; she answered “Hot and sore!” “But did you like it?” I asked. “Yes”. “And you felt my excitement?” Smiling she said “Yes I did!”

I told her I wanted to slap her breasts, but lightly, I just wanted her to tell me how it felt, I did not intend to make them red. Her nipples went erect at this, and I struck each breast in turn, very lightly at first then a bit harder. She said it hurt but not badly. I kissed each breast in turn then tugged her forward and started nursing on her left breast while fondling her right. This got her moaning lightly. I loved the feel of her hard nipple on my tongue, and it got harder and bigger as I suckled. Then I turned her around and sat her back on my lap and held her breasts in my hands, fondling them, squeezing her nipples between finger and thumb, and my cock got harder still.

Time for a flogging! I stood her up and told her to wait there while I prepared to flog her. I had already picked a place to do it. I wasn't set up for it, but I was going to pull off some ornamental trim in the corner of the kitchen door and put two eyebolts in, and put two at floor level. I went downstairs to get the bolts, ropes, tools and clothespins I intended to use on her. It didn't take me long to get things set up. I went over to her with two pieces of thick rope, and took each hand in turn, tying the rope firmly to her slim wrists. Then I led her to the doorway and tied the ropes in the eyebolts. This raised her arms above her head, but did not stretch her. I tied her ankles securely to the floor bolts. Having her in this position really turned me on and I spent a long time fondling her body, running my hands from her hair to her chest, fondling her breasts yet again, squeezing her nipples, feeling her soft belly, down to her hips, her very wet pussy and tender ass, caressing her inner thigh, down her legs to her feet and back up! I stood back to look at her; one of my favorite views of a woman's body is from the back. I think violins were designed by looking at a woman this way. I see the swell of her hips, the smooth narrowing to her slim waist back to the swell of her shoulders and her slim neck, one of the sexiest sights in the universe.

I decided to do some clothespin play first, as I intended the flogging to be the last experiment before we had sex. I squeezed by her in the doorway and looked at her, she looked oh so sexy tied in the doorway, her breasts raised by the position of her arms, her legs apart exposing her pussy. I kissed her on the mouth while fondling her breasts yet again. Then I showed her the clothespins and told her what I intended to do. Kissing and sucking on her left breast I got her nipple erect again, then pinched it between my fingers and applied the pin. She winced and moaned, as I repeated this on the other breast. I knelt in front of her and kissed her pussy lips, started licking them, sought out her clit, as she writhed and moaned in the ropes. Quickly I put a pin to each of her lips that made her howl in pain. I left them there only a few seconds before removing them and kissing the hurt away. I stood up and removed the pins from her tits, watching her pained expression as the blood flowed back into her nipples. I sucked on her nipples again then went back behind her and got the flogger.

I stood behind her feeling her marvelous, smooth ass for the longest time, lost in thought and the sensation. She was standing there seemingly enjoying the feeling as I caressed her.

I did not know much about proper flogging technique, other than what I had read on the web and what S had showed me, strokes for a beginner as he called them. I touched her lightly with the tails, by merely draping the tails over her body swooshing them around and drawing them back to let her get the scent and feel of the suede leather, especially against her breasts, and then around her belly, down to her pussy and inner thighs. For safety I draped a towel around her waist to cover her lower back, and around her neck to protect it. I only intended to strike at her upper back and not hard. I stood back, far enough so that the cats only touched her back and would not drape over her shoulder or side and I let fly. At the strike she winced and moaned slightly, but said nothing so I proceeded to strike again. I asked her if she was ok, was I hurting her, and she said no it just stings... I caressed her back, and then stepped back for a few more blows. She cried out each time but did not utter the safeword "Lazarus". I was getting into it, getting harder just thinking about what I was doing, and decided to stop then and there for fear my growing passion might make me reckless. I did not want to get too far out of my depth, although I may have been already. I resolved to get proper training as soon as possible. All this ran through my mind as I was striking what was to be the last blow. I dropped the flogger and held her in my arms, and said it was finished.

Untying her I held her close, caressing and kissing her, then brought her into the living room and had her kneel in front of the couch. I bound her hands together behind her back. I had one more thing I wanted to try before (I hope) fucking her brains out. I went off to the bathroom and undid my pants. I soaped up my seemingly permanently hard cock and balls, and wiped them off with a washcloth; I wanted to be clean and sweet for what was to come next. I zipped back up, and sat down on the couch in front of her. I held her chin up with my hand and kissed her on the mouth. With my other hand I unzipped my pants and pulled out my swollen cock. She looked down at it, then up at me and started to kiss and lick the tip, then went down on me

and appeared to try to swallow the whole thing in her tiny mouth. She licked, sucked and swallowed my cock, until I was on the edge of exploding. I did not want to cum yet as we had more adventures ahead. I finally told her to stop, that she was excellent, and why I wanted to save my strength for later.
I stood and helped her up and then untied her. With that the experiment in d/s was over and it was now sex time!

With her help I stripped off my clothes and then picked her up and carried her into the shower. If there is any better way to become acquainted with another than feeling each other's bodies slick with soap, under the sensuous flow of warm water, I would like to know about it. It is an activity that feels very intimate and stimulating. We groped and explored each other under the gentle rain that warmed us and soothed with the delightful sound and feel of falling water. Afterward we took turns toweling each other off, enjoying the feel of each other under the thick soft cloth. Again I picked her up and arranged her on the bed, and climbed on beside her. We at once were mouth on mouth, touching and kissing and I felt my hardened cock touch against her body. She put her hands down to grab it and guide it into her, but I gently told her "not yet" as I had some things I must take care of first.

I kissed her mouth again, her cheeks, her forehead, nuzzled her hair, went down and kissed her ears, nibbled a little, back to her mouth, her chin, her neck, all the while telling her she is beautiful and that she excites me so much. Made my way down her body to her breasts, suckled each one for a time, then kissed my way down her smooth belly, caressing her with my hands. I told her that a lady cums first, and second, and then as many times as she wants... moved between her legs and my mouth found her pussy. I reached to my left where I had placed a pillow, and while my lips stayed on her sex I lifted her bottom with my arm and moved the pillow under her ass. I stopped long enough to ask her if she was comfortable this way, positioning her pussy perfectly for what was to come (her, I didn't say aloud); she gave a moaning "Yes" as her answer. So I got to work.

My tongue licked her pussy lips slowly, parted them, and reached far inside her, explored her, tasted her.... I found her clit and kept exploring all parts of her sex as she made contented, blissful sounds, her body occasionally shaking under this intimate caress. I would murmur "what a pretty pussy", "beautiful", "sexy" and other compliments as I momentarily caught my breath. Slowly and sensuously, at first, I pleasured her, delighting in the sounds she made, how her pussy felt under my tongue and lips, her taste, her scent, the feel of her body under my hands as she moved in response to me... and felt myself getting harder and harder as I drunk in all this sexual stimulus. I picked up the pace, stimulating different parts of her pussy in turn until I finally focused in on her clit. She was getting noisier, louder, her cries seeming to come from the depths of her sex as I too grew hotter and harder. She was starting to arch her back, my target was moving but I stayed locked on to her, felt her thighs start to clamp my head and then her sounds came faster, her body shook she suddenly clamped her thighs hard around my head and shook harder still, louder she came shaking shuddering animal sounds my head was being crushed between those sweet thighs, my lips were still on her pussy my tongue on her clit, but not moving, keeping still, as she went through her orgasm and wound down.

I was barely able to murmur.....and lay there, for a while, my mouth now open wide, my lips surrounding her pussy, keeping her warm, waiting for her to settle down, for the feelings to subside. I felt her body relax, her breathing normal, her hand brushing my hair, she was saying something but I am too lost in her to comprehend. Again start slowly, using my tongue on the outside of her pussy, licking and sucking on her lips gently. Slowly, concentrating on her, she is the only thing in the world that matters at this moment, the universe consists of this bed and us intertwined, my tongue again exploring her sex, slowly, trying to convey through this contact the desire I had for her. Slowly exploring each fold in her pussy, probing the depths, feeling the warmth and the texture and the taste as her juices flowed. Feeling her out, experimenting, trying to gauge her reaction to what I do, trying to understand what she likes, trying to flick those switches which connect this intimate part of her to the pleasure she is capable of feeling, and all the while my own passion grows my cock filling beyond its limits, growing harder still. This is my secret, that getting a woman off gets me off, I enjoy this as much as she does, if not more. Find a spot, get a strong reaction, a moan a shudder her hand grips my head tightly, touch it again, learn her, get into her, faster now finding the right spot the focus of her pleasure concentrate now she is wetter, louder, and she came hard again.

An interlude.

"Can we do it again?"

My tongue was exhausted, my jaws ached. I kissed my way back to her mouth and we locked lips in a long deep embrace. We held each other and again my hard cock brushed her leg. This time she was brooking no argument,

must have me inside her. I reached for the condom, tore it open and asked her to put it on me. She did, rolling it on with her hands stopping to grab my balls and massage them lovingly. She turned on her back and I leaned on my arms over her as she guided my cock into her still moist pussy. I started moving against her, in, out, moving faster, my balls slapping her as I pumped. Hit a peak and held back.... stopped and lay on top of her then rolled us over and she made it to her knees, suddenly she was on top and she moved up and down on my shaft, her breasts bouncing with each movement, I reached for them... we moved like this for an eternity... I stopped her, maneuvered her legs one at a time to stretch out in front of her, spun her around on my cock then moved us so I was taking her doggy style. Fucked her hard, then lay her down on her side and lay beside her still inside her still moving, lifted her leg around me and we were again face to face. I rose up my arms beneath her back lifting her with me stepping off the bed moved her back to the wall and fucked her each thrust raising her up her back on the wall carried her back to the bed my motion faster my mind on fire my cock about to burst our cries louder together and we cum, together.

I thrust all that was in me into her, and then collapsed on top of her. I lay there stunned, until I could gather my wits, then rolled us over again so that she lay on my chest. I did not want to fall out of her yet, I wanted to stay in her while we lay there, our bodies in contact, her breasts against my chest. I held her, spoke to her, cuddled her, kissed her, as we lay there basking in the sexual energy we released, my hands on her smooth ass feeling the stickiness from her juices, slowly gathering our strength. My cock started to shrink, we rolled over again, I knelt up, pulled the condom off and cast it away. Kissed her again, and looked into her eyes....and went down between her legs again.

She stayed the night. Toward morning, she got up to use the bathroom, and I heard the water in the sink running for a long time as she cleaned herself. I smiled happily and waited for her return.

I took her home as I brought her: nude. She wanted to do it, laying down with the seat back she was invisible to all but the highest SUV or trucker, and, at first, as we passed these, she covered up under the blanket we brought for the purpose. She grew bold, and decided to flash one, got a thrill out of it, flashed the next and the next. Somehow we missed attracting the police, and made it to her place.

The “cock tease” label would no longer apply.

How does this story end? Who can tell? I should be able to but I haven’t thought of it yet... the blood supply to my brain is insufficient due to current demand elsewhere.

I suppose some day I will find out.

Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction, all characters are figments of my imagination, any resemblance to anyone living or just existing might be purely intentional. Some acts described may be physically impossible if not improbable, this is a FANTASY after all, but in any event feel free to try this at home. Don’t forget: every male is Superman in his fantasies.

Clearwater

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3C is standing for C.C.Clearwater and this name is connected to uncommon artificial pictures, showing outraging scenes and visions. He is born in 1961 in Germany and is working as a freelance photographer. His personal, individual style and view of the scene have made him one of the well-known artists in Europe.

The pictures are showing his black humour as well as his very own view of the scene. Since the 1996, when he relaunched his photographic career, he was continually published in magazines and had several exhibitions. His extravagant ideas and the relaxed way he works made the “3C” sign a sort of brand name.

Some of the top-studios in Germany are using his work for their advertisement.

He is a one-man show… “I push the button – I’ll do the rest” is his credo. According to this statement he creates all ideas and scenes by himself and of course doing the darkroom-work and the printing of fine-art-pictures.

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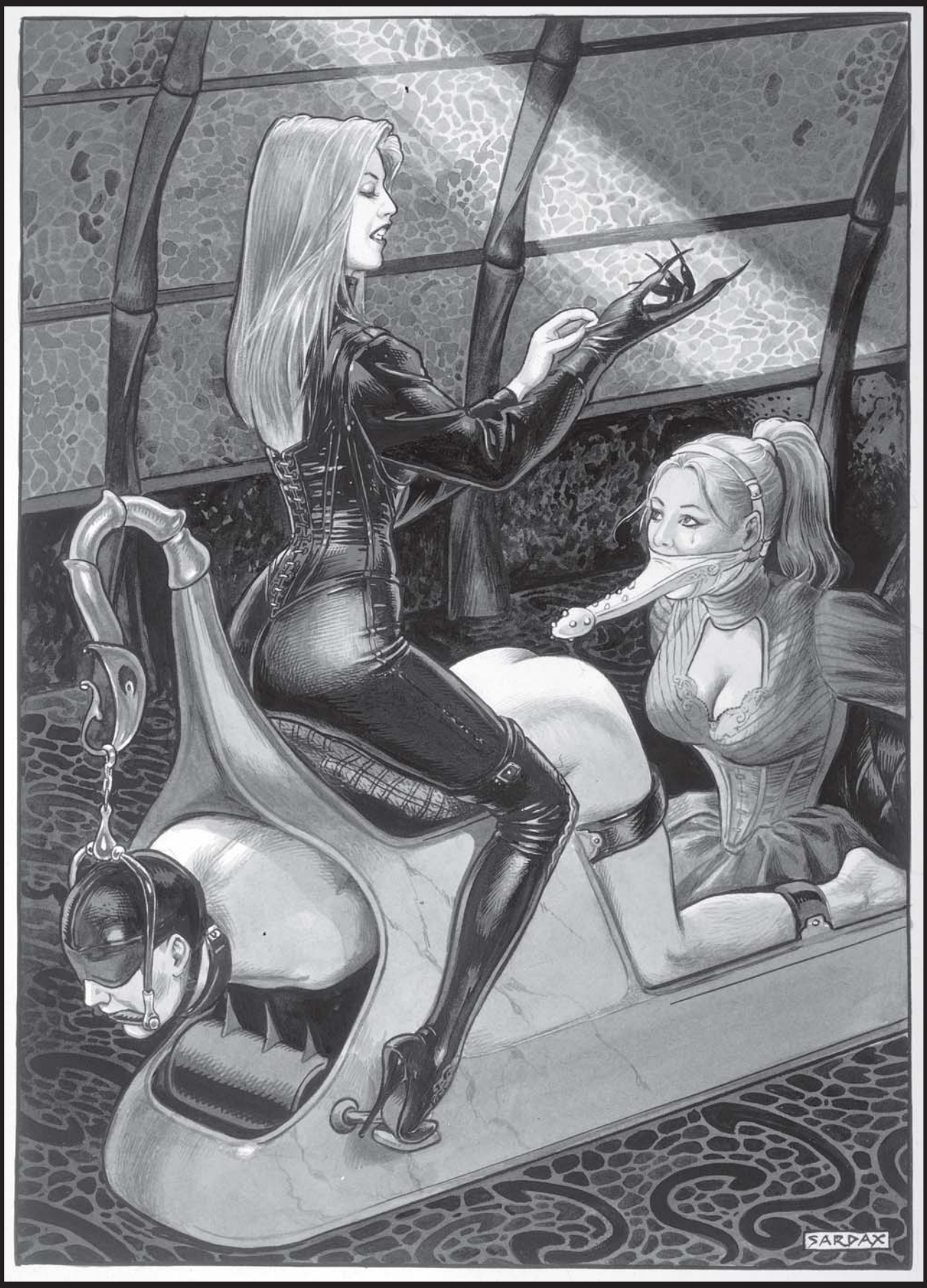
Sardax interview

© Sardax - 2004- Up there Illustration for U.S. Fetish magazine Leg Show

Secret: Do you have examples of artists you admire or who influenced you in any way?
Generally they are artists who lived in a bygone age-from the golden age of illustration around the turn of the last century. I like Beardsley, Von Bayros and many others; all generally figurative. In fact I like a bewildering range of styles so much so that I have difficulty somehow finding my own style. But although I don't see it myself others recognize a common feature linking all my techniques

Secret: I have the vague impression that "Art Nouveau style" like we know Victor Horta here in Belgium, has had some great influence or maybe something else?
Yes indeed I love the Art Nouveau style, maybe because it is organic and deals with flowing lines, rather than square, rigid forms like art deco. In a way it looks sexier to me but baroque art appeals too-but then that is an earlier version of the same style.

Secret: What was the trigger to start drawing dominant women?I don't believe there was anything that suddenly sparked me into going that direction. It was always there as an undercurrent, I think. For instance I was never turned on to it at an early age-it came during my student years. Before I entered the femdom field I used to do odd straight sex drawings but somehow the girls were towering over the men or taking the lead seducing them. Once I started thinking about bondage and whips the path became clearer so that now I hardly ever draw anything which is not femdom. It is such a broad field after all and a great part of the interest is discovering just how varied it can be.



© Sardax - 2004 - Slave stool Private commission for Mistress Sidonia von Bork (www.theenglishdungeon.com)

© Sardax - 2004 - Hubby Private commission

The Flying Scarab Illustration from Slaves of Isis 4 by Stiletto Books www.heelmagazine.com)

© Sardax - 2004

Secret: Do you live a submissive life in reality or are the drawings just fantasy?

No, I do not. It is a pure fantasy for me and in my case it is best it stays that way. Besides I would make a hopeless submissive - far too headstrong and argumentative in my views.

Secret: Most of the drawings have feet, stockings, whipping, heel admiration and especially Oriental dominatrixes. Can you explain more please? Are these personal fantasies or are they from people who asked you to draw that particular drawing?

It's usually the case that commissions arrive involving those particular references because people know I can do it and like the way I render it. Sadly though I have never been asked to draw an oriental dominatrix, though one man did ask me to include a Japanese model that he was fanatical about-though she did not know it was being done. Though I doubt if she would ever recognize herself in the portrait, which he did not wish to be published in any case. Usually I do not draw people without their knowledge. That is unfair and potentially libelous. I suppose legs, shoes etc are my focus -I'm somewhat of a leg-man but my real interest is for faces-particularly eyes, and

hands. I once tried to form an interest group for hands-cheirophilia-but I guess there aren't people into that one.

Secret: Some have ghost like faces & snake like tongues. Why?
Really it is just an exaggeration of the emotion. A tongue hangs out when one is thirsty and it comes out further the more one wishes to reach something. Just a way of graphically representing desire.

Secret: In a past interview you admitted that you didn't like drawing in color because "it seems to disrupt the fantasy quality of the drawing". You are now drawing almost everything in color. Why this change?
It's not entirely true as most of that art I drew for Stiletto Books, which you can see at www.heelmagazine.com, is in black and white. But yes I have branched out into color and it's really because it is all so much easier now with tasteful coloring by the computer-so much easier to change or delete. In case you are wondering I use a combination of Photoshop and Painter software on a G3 Mac. However I also enjoy painting in colour when it comes to commissions.

Secret: Can you tell me more about Louise Malatesta membership & the AKSS Society? "The Governess" was a disciplinary publication given out to members of the "Alice Kerr-Sutherland society" that ran around the mid 90's for a couple of years. I contributed a lot of art for the members' magazine and books including the much praised "Queen of the Grove" but they ceased trading after a few years.I look back fondly on that time as an inspired part of my career.

Secret: You wanted to publish a book with the Oriental dominatrixes. Was this ever published? No - I have long wanted to publish but we now live in very strange times for the publishing industry.Before I thought that I did not have enough work to put a book together. Now I do but I doubt if publishing a book would repay the investment in it. For the simple fact is that few erotic/femdom books actually sell now that the Internet is here and that is where I have pitched my tent, so to speak. I have my own virtual gallery - www.sardax.com - with a constantly updating selection of work which is not publishing in the traditional sense but is certainly allowing me to give out my work without the problem of printing and distribution and is giving me a modest income too. Still I nostalgically love books more than computers but one must move with the times.

Secret: Do you work from models, photos or from imagination? All three. There are advantages and drawbacks to each, though. With models you have to have the patience and tact to get them to pose in just the right way, and the more dominant they are naturally, the more difficult it is for them to do what I want but then, you do a much more authentic end-product. Often though it is just not worth the hassle to get a pose done and I fall back on drawing from imagination. This is surprisingly easy once you know all your anatomy and have been drawing as many years as I have, but you have to be careful that you don't just keep repeating a clichéd face or expression, etc. I find in the end photos and videos taken from models give me the veracity that imagination lacks, but rather than tracing them, I prefer to study them and translate them into just the pose I want. From experience I know that tracing photos results in a stiff and lifeless drawing. In that connection I prefer to look at the work of amateurs drawing from their heads, rather than careful tracings of photographs.

Secret: Do you agree that women are a superior species?
Male and female are both of the same human species. While I like to see a female ruling over men I don't necessarily think they always qualify for a superior position in life. I am annoyed if a dominant woman seems to imagine I should defer to them simply because of their sex. I guess I am not truly submissive anyway. I get bored of theorising about talk of female dominated societies and women-power etc. Fine as a pictorial concept for me but not something I'd want in reality.

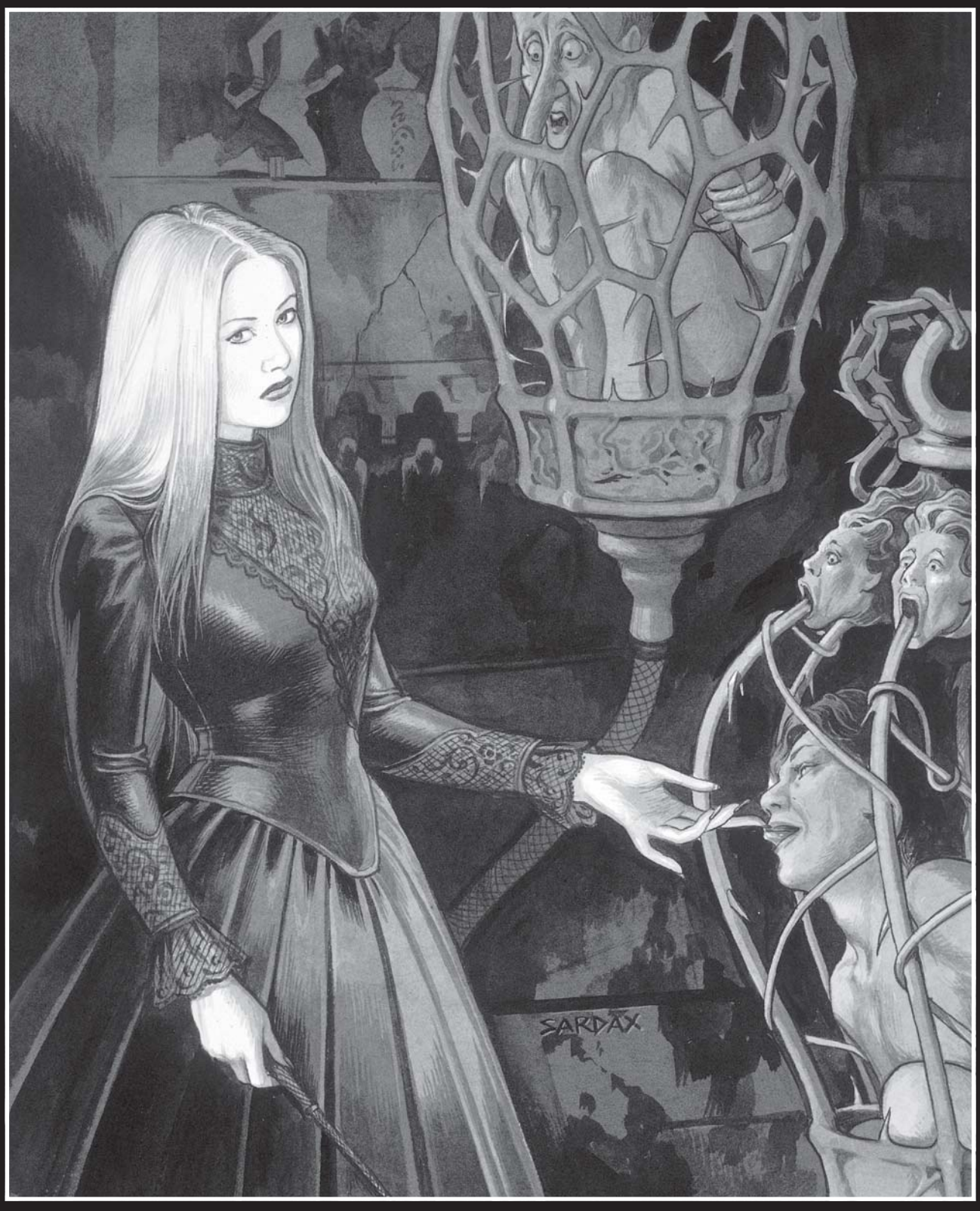
Secret: You have been involved in this fetish world for quite some time now. How have you experienced the evolution of fetish and what do you think about the commercial exploitation of it? Let's distinguish between fetish and femdom here. I see myself as a femdom artist first and foremost. If that involves fetish that's okay but my drawings show a femdom world, which can exist apart from all the usual fetish trappings-shiny latex, high heels etc. Certainly in the last few decades fetish has all become very familiar in its overuse by the media and I have no problem with that except it loses its faintly naughty secretive frisson, which was after all part of its attraction. If 100 people are all wearing fetish wear at a party the attraction is totally diluted. However there will probably always be a stable population of people male and female who understand the femdom aspect and no amount of exposure by the media will get more people interested in it in the same way as no amount of looking at gay material will interest you if you are not so inclined. Fetish is a different matter. It can be more readily adopted and boosted by the media. Femdom is definitely a minority interest, which cannot be hyped up.

Secret: All films and media are swamped with the fetish culture. How do you see the future of our world?
Come now - I could not answer such a far-reaching question. I would hope though that if people dissipated their aggressive nature in the play of SM and gained more respect towards the opposite sex thereby, in a similar way that sport defuses hostility between nations, there may be some lasting good in the whole scene. I'm opposed to religious bigotry of all kinds though not necessarily to religion itself. I do have certain religious feelings and beauty along with woman-worship play a great part. Having said that I find most modern matriarchal religions unsympathetic. There is a feeling that men are inferior and made to feel unwelcome. I do not feel that way at all.

Secret: What are your future plans?
I'd like to concentrate more on commissioning and spending more time on particular dedicated works. In addition I enjoy the fun of just putting up on my gallery whatever I feel like at the moment, even if it's uncommissioned .The site shows a lot of the more detailed watercolor work which I believe people prefer but the looser sketchier style is also popular. I would be good to run the two streams of work in parallel I suppose. I never forget though how fortunate I am to have such a narrowly focused career in the first place. I must be one of the few purely femdom artists who has not needed to draw anything else. I could earn more if I entered the femsub scene too but that would not be my interest and I think it would show in my art.Thank you.

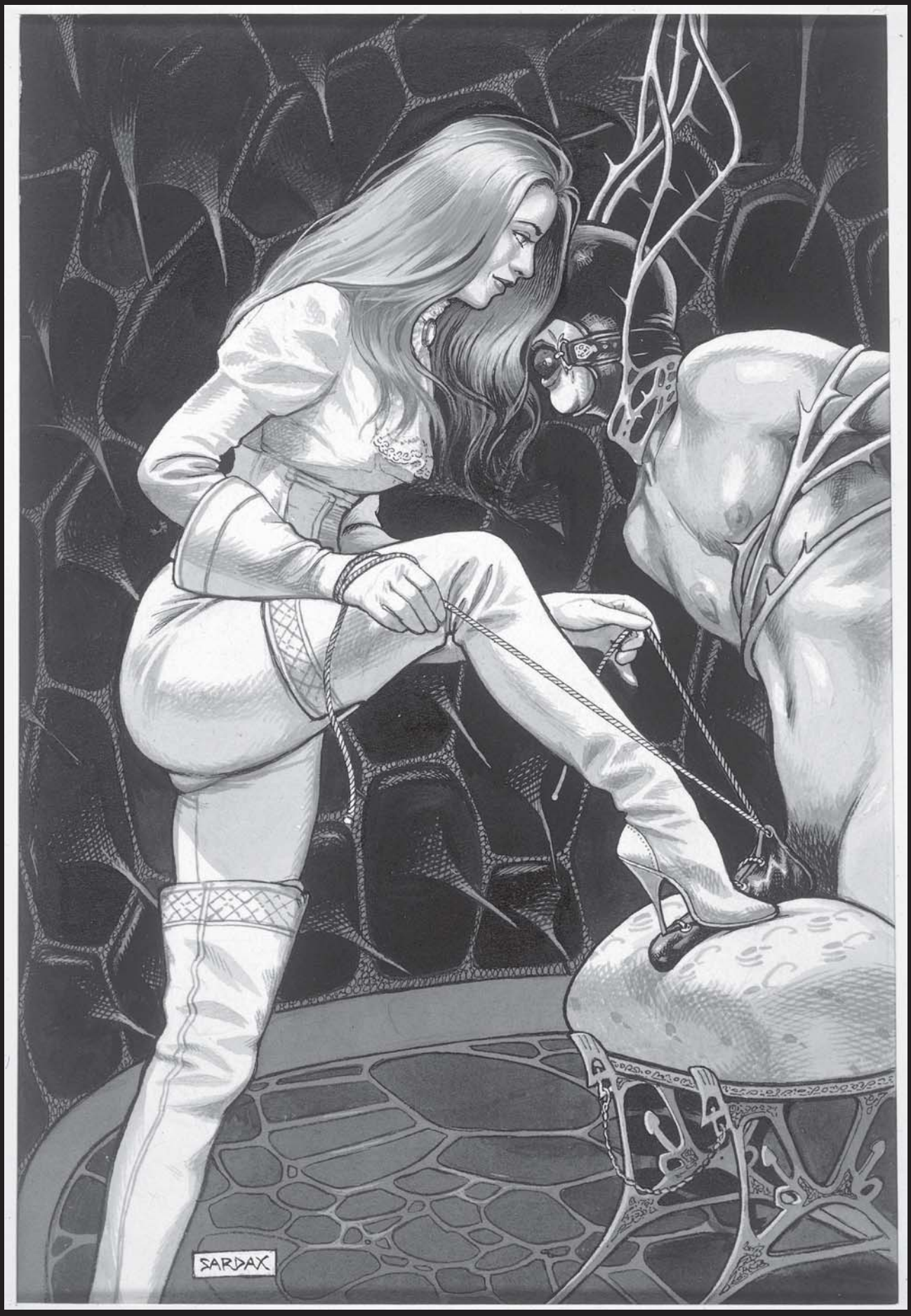
Interview was done by email in November 2004 but Sardax and Jürgen met that same month to clear up some other things and also to receive one of the excellent drawings by Sardax. It is now next to all my other art like Michael Manning, Sorayama, etc...

Jürgen Boedt



© Sardax - 2004 - The Cage Private commission for Mistress Sidonia von Bork (www.theenglishdungeon.com)

Sardax interview



© Sardax - 2004 - Tight Lacing Fantasy art-uncommissioned

© Sardax - 2004 - The Gates of Horn Cover Illustration for the novel Gates of Horn by Stiletto Books www.heelmagazine.com)

WHAT MAKES A GOOD FEMALE DOMINANT?

Anyone can pick up a whip and call herself a Mistress but what defines a real Mistress?

Certainly anyone feeling dominant could conceivably define herself with the title, but there is much more to it when playing in the consensual world of BDSM.
The tenets of a great dominant:
Recognize the huge responsibility you are taking on. Being a top is not about being drunk on your own power, it is about creating a safe place for people to surrender and explore very intimate, sacred places of themselves.

NEGOTIATION:

Be accepting of variances in human psychosexual behavior. Human sexuality is a huge continuum, with people eroticizing and enjoying many different facets. I do not want to get into the how we got kinky- it may be biologically stimulated or it may behaviorally stimulated- the fact is that we as humans ARE prone to great variances in how our imaginations, sexualities, and bodies interact. Celebrate that.

Learn to differentiate fantasy from reality and be able to work well with both. Sometimes a fantasized activity might be too difficult or dangerous to play with safely or just impossible to do. They can however be talked about and "acted" out on a conceptual level (such as role-play or even threats). Fantasies like this might include infantilism, incest, or castration.

Learn to negotiate four times (especially with people you have not had much experience playing with).
Once: when you are initially discussing the possibility of a scene to find out if you are compatible.
Secondly: immediately prior to your scene to confirm the initial negotiation and modify if needed.
Thirdly: During the scene if a safeword gets used a good top needs to be able to distance herself from her role and react responsibly to a submissive calling an emotional or physical limit.
Fourthly: After a scene to check in and provide aftercare if needed.

Initial negotiation could include: an overview of interests, a detailed description of limits of both parties, expectations, experience, meeting times and place.

Negotiation Prior could include: experience levels, tone of scene, scenario, gender attitudes, bondage, sensation, fetishes, inclusion of others, age, physical health, mental health, medications taken, last meal (especially for bondage scenes), physical limits, emotional limits, and a check in to see how they are feeling at that moment
Safeword negotiations could include: What limit was pushed, if there is any damage, and if they would like to continue the scene.

After the Scene negotiation could include: how they are feeling and if they need anything. I also have them thank me for what they are grateful for so that I am more aware of what was important to them.
Follow up negotiation: I also will negotiate just prior to a second scene with a check sheet to catch up with them.
Be understanding and accepting of your bottom's boundaries and your also own.
Realize that both you and your submissive are going to have emotional and physical limits. Clarify them during your negotiations and respect them during the scene. Remember that limits change as trust shifts so be prepared to continue to check in. Keep lines of communication clear, and utilize the times when stuff comes up (as it inevitably will) as explorations for growth.

Use safewords. Use more than one if you'd like. I have friends who use
Red = "stop",
Yellow = "nearing a limit",
Green = "I am loving this",
and Black = "something has come up emotionally".

Sometimes people agree to have "no safeword scene" with someone who they know very well, I ask that they have a safeword to be used only for a physical emergency such as fainting or heart attack. No one is empathetic enough to read all their play partners perfectly and few scenes are light enough to not instate safewords. As a note - dominants can have safewords to indicate that they need to change the direction of a scene.

Remember that a good Dominant takes ideas from negotiations and creates a scene from them, retaining her power through her use of the agenda. I see negotiations as if I am a chef and my submissive asks for a Thai or Mexican or French meal. As chef, I then pick out the menu, the ingredients involved, the number of courses, how the flavors combine, etc.

CONTROLLING YOUR ENVIRONMENT:

Be empathetic and learn to "read" a submissive. This includes watching for clues like change in tone of voice, eye dilations, breathing, pulse, posture, genital erectile response, skin temperature and color as well as attitudinal changes. By perceiving these subtle changes you can not only take a submissive further but you can also prevent overloading, fainting and damage.

Know what damage is and how to prevent it. I define damage as: a result of play that you can't revoke, a result that needs intensive healing, or a result that happened inadvertently. I do not define damage as prenegotiated bruises after a caning (unless they surpass what you intended to do). Damage can be either emotional or physical.

Learn everything you can about disease transmission. Aids, hepatitis A,B,C, TB, parasites, herpes, and other infections are all real dangers to you and your submissive. Your playspace must be impeccably clean and your tools well maintained. Different tools need different care. Making your play and you playspace safe from disease is a very important factor in this day and age.

Learn how to handle an emergency. Take a CPR and basic first aid course. It may prove invaluable down the road. Make your playspace earthquake proof and have safety devices always such as paramedic shears, bandages, iodine, alcohol and rubber gloves, on hand.

Know the body. Take an anatomy course so you know what you are playing with.

Know your tools and be realistic about your skills. Do not wing something that you have never personally felt or been hand tutored to do. Reading about it in a book is one thing, but I recommend feeling it and being trained. Many tools in the dungeon are very dangerous if used incorrectly. Just because someone wants you to do something doesn't mean you can or should do it.

Maintain control of your environment. Drugs and alcohol bring in unknown factors, they should never be part of scene (aside from the fact that- aren't you there to FEEL things?) Public scenarios should only be done in very safe places. Scenes should never be done in anger.

FINALLY:

Be imaginative and responsive. After playing with literally thousands of submissives I can honestly say that no two players are alike nor are any two sessions. Allow yourself freedom to explore and create. BDSM is an art form, treat it as such. Remember, we do not have to stop playing (doctor, cowboys and Indians and cops and robbers) when we reach puberty!

Listen to your gut. Older female dominants that I know say that they have a second sense that developed around their play. They know who would be a great play partner, what route a scene should take and when something does not feel right. I encourage you to listen to your intuitive inner voice, as it is sometimes the seat of your power and can prevent problems down the road.

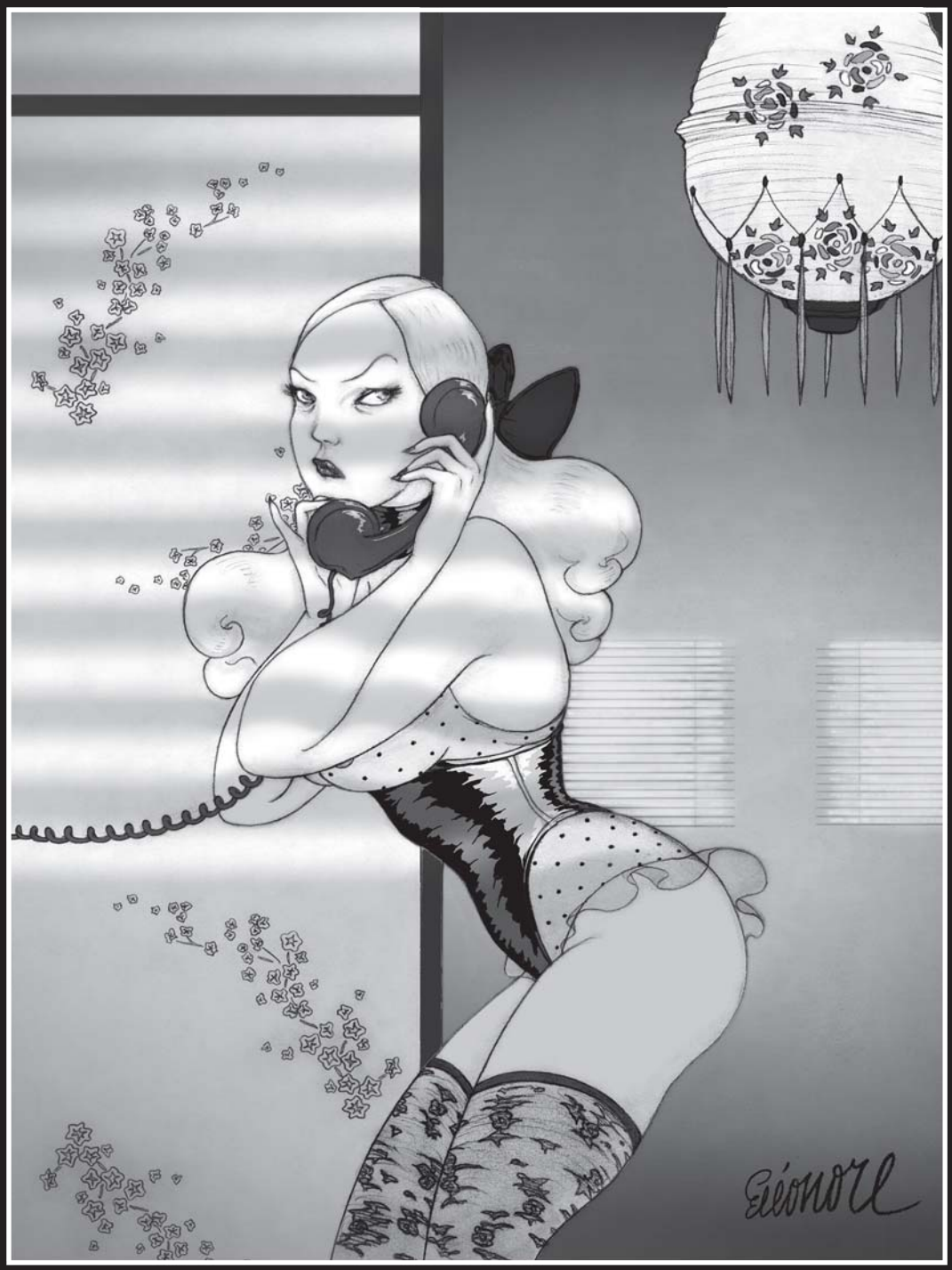
Take care of yourself. Being a responsible top can be very intense work. You forge your own path, swim upstream against societal mores, and deal with very deep powerful energies. Spend time taking care of yourself and giving yourself off time so you can be clear when you are in role.

Have respect for your play. This is groundbreaking work we are doing, going beyond sexual barriers and societal programming to form richer, deeper and more conscious relationships. Honor yourself and your play partners by treating what you do with respect and care. Your submissives are very brave for putting themselves out there and making themselves vulnerable. You, as a top are very brave for boldly delving into this deep psychosexual wonderland and evolving man's consciousness one step further.

Eléonore

Eléonore is a 27 year-old artist from Brussels. She works mainly on animated cartoons, comic strips and illustration. She is currently working on a project mingling two of her favourite universes: detective and fantasy...

Eléonore



Contact: eleonore@mymelody.com

Was Saint Valentine a satyr?

The mystery of the day given to love

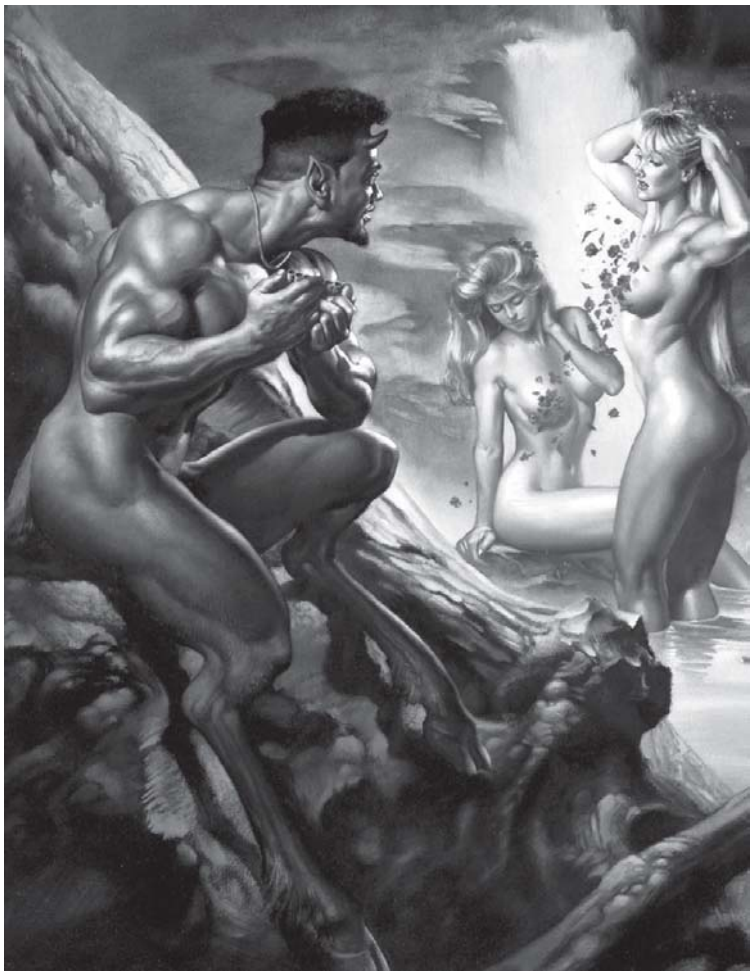
Daryl Champion

The day of St. Valentine has become associated with flowers, chocolates, romantic dinners and, even, love. A bastion of popular culture, yes.

But before the next swoon, the next meeting of lips on Valentine's Day, spare a thought for the way the mysterious nuances of history and contemporary fetish culture intersect and interact.

To begin with, who was Saint Valentine?
The day is, after all, named after him. The question is an easy and obvious one, the answer not so.

Early martyrologies of the Christian Church refer to at least three different Saint Valentines (or Valentinus), all of whom allegedly met their celestial maker – after great suffering at the hands of their fellow man – at some stage in history on the 14th day of February. Two are relevant to present-day tradition.



One is thought to have been a priest at Rome, the other a bishop of Interamna (modern Terni, central Italy north of Rome). Both – although many scholars think they are, in fact, the same early Christian clergyman – lived in the second half of the 3rd century AD, before the Roman Emperor Constantine I issued, in 313 AD, the Edict of Milan that established toleration for all religions, including Christianity.

The stories are set during the reign of Emperor Claudius II Gothicus (268–270 AD), the principal one being that Valentine, either the priest or the bishop, is said to have defied an imperial edict banning marriage. This story has it that Claudius II, then fighting many wars against the Germanic tribes threatening the empire, needed more, or better, soldiers and that single men rose to the occasion above their married counterparts. An adjunct to this version of history also has Valentine aiding persecuted Christians.

Valentine continued to perform marriages and for this he was imprisoned and condemned to death. While jailed, he allegedly restored the sight of his guard's daughter; the jailer converted to Christianity and the girl is rumoured to have frequently visited the imprisoned Valentine. On the day of his execution, purportedly on February 14, 269 AD or 270 AD, the man destined to become a saint is said to have left his female friend a letter signed 'from your Valentine'.

The martyred Valentine was buried on the Flaminian Way in Rome. Now, however, Franciscan friars in the Scottish city of Glasgow claim to be in possession of the saint's bones, rivalling a similar claim by Irish Carmelite friars in Dublin.

What is undoubtedly more interesting for some of us is the way these Christianised stories are linked with pagan Roman religious rites.

In ancient Rome, according to some sources, February 14 was a holiday to honour Juno, the Roman equivalent of the Greek goddess Hera. Juno's historical origins are associated with the Middle Eastern fertility goddess Astarte, the Greek name for the Ashtoreth of the Bible. She was, in fact, the main goddess of ancient Canaan, and she was the Ishtar of the Assyrians and Babylonians.

Juno, after whom the month of June is named, was both the sister and the wife of Jupiter, the head of the Roman pantheon. She was the patron of marriage and the protector of women, concerned especially with sex and reproduction. She represented, in a sense, the female principle of life.

Testifying to evolving roles and concepts, Juno was worshiped in different guises. As Juno Lucina, goddess of childbirth, she had a temple on Rome's Esquiline hill from the 4th century BC. As Juno Moneta (she who warns) she guarded over the finances of the empire and had a temple on the Capitoline hill close to

where the Roman mint would later be located ('mint' and 'money' are derived from this persona of Juno).

In later religion she migrated from being the saviour of women to the saviour of the state and was worshiped, in conjunction with Jupiter and Minerva (identified with the Greek goddess Athena, goddess of wisdom, war and crafts), at the temple on the Capitol, where the Roman Senate met.

More reliable historical sources put the feast of Juno – the Matronalia – as celebrated annually on March 1. The festival is reported to have consisted of a procession of married women to the temple of Juno to make offerings to the goddess. Public offerings were supplemented at home with prayers for marital bliss. Wives received gifts from their husbands and gave a feast for their female slaves.

Leading up to the Matronalia or, according to other sources, immediately after this festival, was the fertility feast of Lupercalia that celebrated Lupercus – the god of agriculture and shepherds – and Faunus (the Greek god Pan), and the arrival of spring. The Matronalia and Lupercalia appear to have been connected with each other as rites of spring, fertility and femininity.

Lupercalia most likely began on February 15; goats and dogs were sacrificed and, smeared with their blood and wearing only a loincloth or fragments of goatskin in imitation of Faunus, youths would run around the seven hills of Rome. They would symbolically lash everyone they passed, especially women, with a length of fresh goat leather. This leather lash – a *februa*, from which the month of February is derived – was a symbolic instrument of purification.

Perhaps a romantic projection of the modern Valentine's Day upon history, some accounts state that on the eve of the Lupercalia, that is, February 14, the names of Roman girls were written on paper and placed in jars, to be drawn by Roman youths. Thus would the paired-off young men and women become partners for the festival. Orgiastic rites are suspected to have developed over time during the Lupercalia.

Pope Gelasius (papacy 492–496 AD) finally suppressed the 1,000-year-old Lupercalia after a long struggle with its advocates. With its abolition, the pagan rite is reported in some sources to have been replaced with a festival celebrating the purification and fertility of the Virgin Mary.

According to other sources, Gelasius, in 496 AD, is accredited with nominating the Lupercalia's eve to honour St. Valentine. It was common early Church practice to substitute Christian events for pagan ones to maintain a certain cultural continuity at the popular level.

But, it appears the ancient feast has not been forgotten. In the city of Edmonton, Canada, the sixth annual Lupercalia – 'a weekend of fetish fun with a taste of ancient Rome' – will this year be held February 18–20. There is little that is reminiscent of St. Valentine in the Edmonton O Society's publicity blurb for the event:

The marketplace is buzzing.
Throngs of citizens and slaves mill about in the square.
Vendors hawking their wares.
The din is deafening.
This is Rome. 79 BC. This is the feast of Lupercalia. All are waiting for the festival to begin… to be blessed by the Priest of Lupercal… and then… perhaps to find true love, or at least a play partner for the night ahead.

Fast forward to Lupercalia 2005
Torches blazing, Caesar presiding, the military on the prowl for runaway slaves and unruly citizens, slaves for the auction penned off to the side of the square, under the discipline of the overseer.
Togas, tunics, everyone is in their very best Roman finery.
In every corner of the square, you will find different stations, demonstrations of flogging, knives, needles, whips and electric toys… watch, learn and marvel!
Adventurous Master/slave couples can join in the scavenger hunt… rich prizes to be won!
A Lavish banquet will be served; slaves will pamper and tend to your every need. And finally, the Priest of the Lupercal will bless and make fecund, all who desire it.

While the ancient Roman pagan festival is clearly the inspiration behind Lupercalia MMV, the numerous workshops on offer over the event's three days and the Saturday party, 'Absolute Kink', are firmly focused on contemporary fetish culture and practice. Interestingly but perhaps not surprisingly, unprecedented demand for tickets to last year's event ensured an early sell-out, and it was the same story for this year's event: by November 19, 2004 only six of the 150 tickets were still available.

Returning to the mainstream and the origins of today's St. Valentine's Day, during the Middle Ages it was believed the birds partnered around mid-February. Later, in the 'Parliament of Foules', by the medieval English poet Geoffrey Chaucer (1343?–1400), we read: 'For this was sent on Seynt Valentyne's day/ Whan every foul cometh ther to choose his mate.'

For this reason the day of Saint Valentine was viewed as consecrated to lovers and as an occasion for love letters and sending lovers' tokens. Both the English and French literatures of the 14th and 15th centuries allude to the practice. Those who chose each other under these circumstances appear to have called each other their 'Valentine'.

The apocryphal nature of many of these accounts, however, ensures mystery continues shrouding the persona of Saint Valentine and the development of the Valentine's Day tradition as we know it. But whatever the truth, gradually, February 14 became the date for exchanging love messages and Saint Valentine became the patron saint of lovers. Commercial valentines were introduced in the 19th century and now the date is supremely commercialised.

So next Valentine's Day when you make a gift of flowers and chocolates, remember there is much more to the occasion than the trite commerciality of the present day. After all, in attempting to defuse any ill feeling over competing claims to the ancient martyr's mortal remains, the Glaswegian friars believe the rivalry with their Irish brothers will not diminish the true message of the saint's day – that martyrdom is the highest form of love. It is a message that builds an unlikely bridge to the BDSM community, is it not?

Remember too that the roots of the occasion lie in paganism. So, if you cannot afford a ticket to Edmonton next year, why not draw some inspiration from the Lupercalia and put those flowers and chocolates, and perhaps a *februa*, to some very imaginative use.

JEFFERY SCOTT (1019)

THE REVELATION OF PROPHECY BEYOND THE MECHANISM (Model: Carla Allen) © Jeffery Scott (1019) 2004

Jeffery Scott began his creative explorations at an early age with sculpture. He later discovered painting, which led him to photography. Now he uses digital tools to "sculpt" his exquisite photographs, which focus on the human form. Here Jeffery shares the passions and frustrations that drive his art...

ALL THAT'S LEFT OF YESTERDAY (Model: Jon Mack) © Jeffery Scott (1019) 2004

JEFFERY SCOTT (1019)

A MODERN DAY METAMORPHOSIS (Model: Carla Allen) © Jeffery Scott (1019) 2004

What artists interest you and who are you influenced by?

I have always been fascinated by artists that bring something new and true to the table. Warhol, Picasso, Ernst, Dali, Pollock, these guys weren't playing games.

And when they were...they were straight up about it. They all had something to say. All were very busy pointing the finger at society, saying: "look at us. Look what we have done and continue to do. Isn't this ridiculous? Isn't this beautiful? Isn't this grotesque? Isn't this wonderful?" They were honest. They were honest with themselves and the world around them. They were observers. They were documentaries of their ages. The way that I see these artists and my impression of them is what has influenced me to be true to myself....realize who and what I am, and in turn, let the work reflect that. Also some photographers that have, and do influence me are: Helmut Newton, Ken Marcus, J.K. Potter, Floria Sigismondi. These people are modern day poets with their cameras!

THE SECRET SIDE OF EMERALD CITY - © Jeffery Scott (1019) 2004

Act III, An Erogenous Undertaking

Observe me with hungry thoughts of gratification
For I will reveal to you a craved rapture I ache for,
A tender feeling of curious hands to overwhelm my body
I will surrender my mind to your world of infatuation.

You've entertained your lust from a self created eminence
But I control and maintain your weakening power of will.
I'll act out those fantasy desires you've longed to see
As only my fingertips can, I'll achieve my craved completion.

Through these movements my soul must capture your whole
Release all fears of inadequacy and consign that half heart
For tonight you are safe at the distance you've chosen
But tomorrow I'll demand a conviction of the finished play.

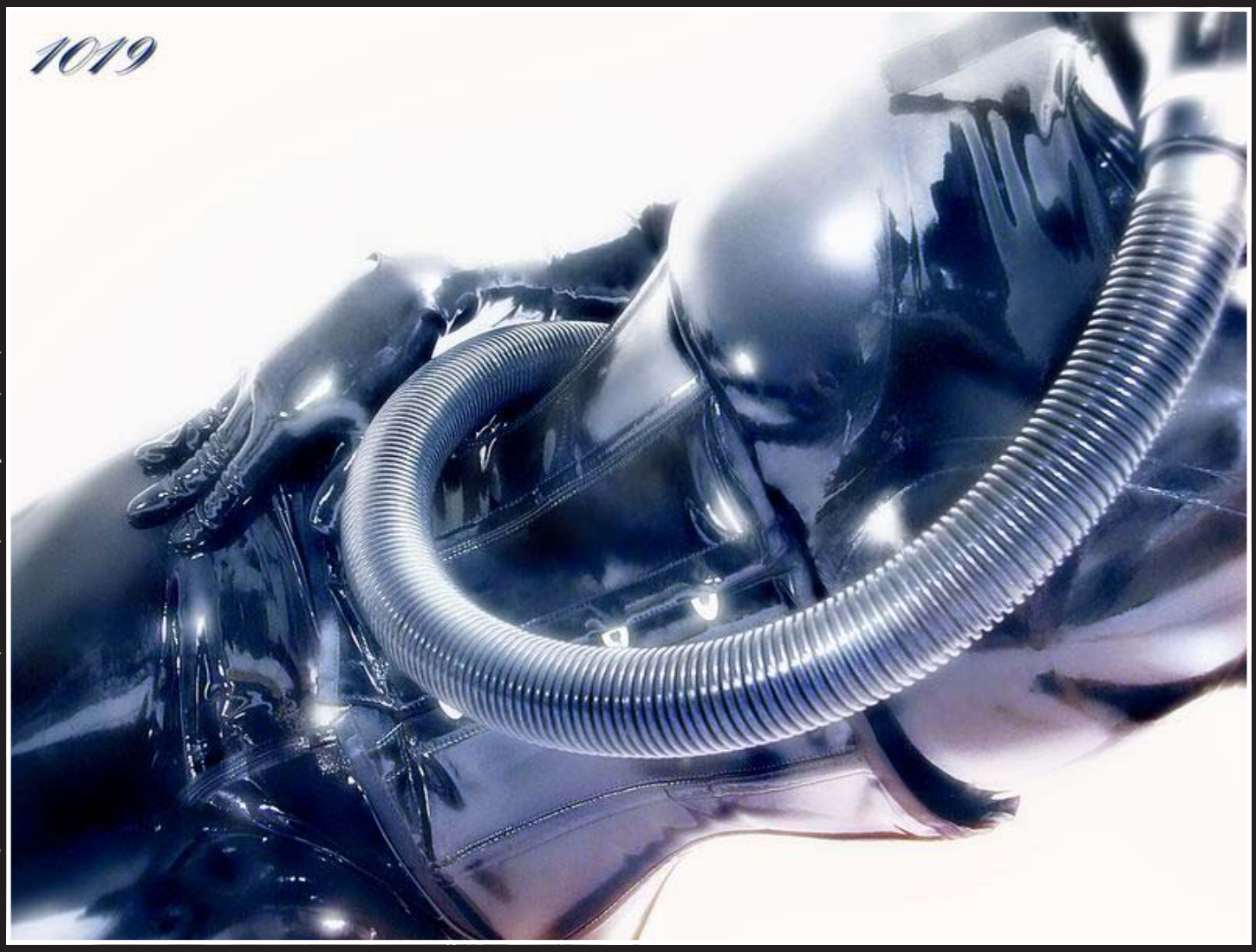
BLUE ROOM SURVEILLANCE (Model/Poetry: Carla Allen) © Jeffery Scott (1019) 2004

Your portfolio includes photography, sculpture and painting. Why do these forms of expression appeal to you and which did you study first?

I started sculpting and drawing when I was two. That's when, I think, I really started looking at things and translating what my impressions were into 2d and 3d renderings. At a very young age I grew a large fascination with the design, mechanics and architecture of the human form. It was like, my working in clay or on paper were nothing more than notes on my observations. I understand and it makes more sense to me now about what I was doing then. I was rehearsing for what I would be doing later in life. I always just seemed to live in awe with the idea that one could create something from nothing. "Here's a lump of clay, or a blank piece of paper now it's a person sitting on a chair" Painting came later. I think was I was about 10 or 12. I think that I milked the painting thing for everything that it's worth to me. I have really no interest in doing that anymore. Well, now wait. I say that, but that's not really true. I love the "idea" of painting. I had heard all of these stories about how relaxing and therapeutic that painting can be. I have never experienced that. I have absolutely no idea what people are talking about when they say that. For me painting is an arduous process. It's exhausting. I would finish a painting and my whole body would just ache. Every muscle in my body would be sore. I would stay up for three days

BLACK AND BLUE (Model: Domiana) © Jeffery Scott (1019) 2004

JEFFERY SCOTT (1019)



BLUE LIQUID SKIN MACHINE (Model: Audra) © Jeffery Scott (1019) 2004

straight working on a piece. No rest. No peace of mind. Definitely not therapeutic. Hard like coal mining. And for what results? I was never happy with any of my paintings. They all just seem to represent one thing to me.....compromise. I felt like I was always just “settling” for a lesser image. They were never exactly what I had in my mind. I started photographing my models for my paintings with a Polaroid. Then I discovered digital photography. I was really happy with some of the images I was taking as “photographs”. That’s when I started to realize that I had something with photography. At that same time I was playing around with photo manipulation with Photoshop. Soon after that I discovered that through digital manipulation of all of these photographic elements, I didn’t have to compromise anymore. Now I can illustrate EXACTLY what is in my head. I just keep going until it is accurate to my vision. I love it! However, I won’t discard painting altogether. I am starting to fall in love with the idea of abstract painting. Through that I have found that therapeutic aspect to painting. It’s extraordinarily relaxing to me. Just letting it all flow out like that. Randomly. Totally subconsciously. That’s where my connection for painting now lies. So no one will ever be seeing works from me like they have in the past. Not paintings like the ones that are still, to this day, hanging on my walls in the apartment. I just want to move on. Evolve. Photography is just the final stage in that evolution and even THAT is changing. All the time. The painting was merely a stepping stone to that area that I feel that I truly belong in. The abstract paintings that I speak of. They will no doubt just replace what I have now. They will just be for my own enjoyment. The Photography, on the other hand, is something I want to just get out there. I want everyone to see. It is the way that I speak now. This is how I say things that I have always wanted to say.

The Intention of Reflective Sentiment
In these eyes you see a solemn beauty,
A mask of unfulfilled emotions and dreams
Not more than provoked thoughts suffer here,
Not more than a distressed and bothered life.
Read into this character's disguised act,
But save your false worry and imitation smiles.
Nothing more than I have rightfully craved,
I'll be my only passionate confidant of selection.
I do believe I've become the person who I've pursued,
And I'll care not what pretentious lips have said.
This identity was created with invention in mind.
Take not from me my inspired dole of eager words.

ARISTOCRACY 2032: PORTRAIT OF SISTER DOMINANT SUPERIOR (Model/Poetry: Carla Allen) © Jeffery Scott (1019) 2004

Jeffery Scott (1019) website: http://www.factory1019.com ----- http://www.onemodelplace.com/photographer_list.cfm/P_ID/25854

Carla Allen website: http://www.poeticmodel.com/ ------ http://www.onemodelplace.com/model_list.cfm?ID=24473

ARISTOCRACY 2032: PORTRAIT OF MISTRESS ANAISTA (Model: Aprella) © Jeffery Scott (1019) 2004

A Self Created Deuce

In my world of intolerable self detachment
I sit dispassionately as I fight to regain morality,
Trying to pass judgment on a life of choices
This is how I have chosen to pass my time of error.

You will not be my prophet criticizing my wrong doings
I need not a man to point out deformity and shortcomings;
So I'll wish nothing but the most honorable alternatives
To maintain a continuing power to sustain and carry on.

I can survive through what the world makes of me
Hold in my hand the hearts and souls of weak minds
And crush my insecurities by measuring their inadequacies
I will be the person I've sought out in no other.

HYPOCRISY'S ATTEMPTED DISGUISE (Model/Poetry: Carla Allen) © Jeffery Scott (1019) 2004

An Emulous Presence

Do not seek in others what you wish to be
Nor wish others to feel your pain of choice,
Take a minute of your unsympathetic day
To create a solace in your inner confidence.

What can you gain by living with oppression
But a life without greater self significance,
A feeling of an overpowering disapproval of being
A soul that dies overwhelmed with relentless envy.

Tomorrow you will be nothing to me but a whisper,
When a sound of jealous tone escaped your lips.
A forgotten inferior face in my daily crowd
Know, due to you, I will be the favored preference.

TO HAVE GAINED THE WORLD...BUT LOST THE SOUL (Model: Carla Allen) © Jeffery Scott (1019) 2004

An Inner Acceptance of Value

A constant cycle of inappreciable minutes
Another day of unending habitual battles;
Yet through it all your ears open from silence
To be reminded you are nothing short of alive.

Continue on a journey of dreamed escapes and
Venture forward in search of your own visions.
Fill the oasis in your daily dessert of boredom
With a benefical descision to be your own admirer.

Not another mind can appreciate your thoughts
Nor fill the shoes you've walked over arduous miles.
So look in the mirror at the depreciator's face
And see the soul that will eventually complete you.

THE SELFISH AND IDEALISTIC DISPOSITION OF HER SIMULACRUM (Model/Poetry: Carla Allen) © Jeffery Scott (1019)/Carla Allen 2004

JEFFERY SCOTT (1019)

FUTILITY STANDS AGAINST THE INEVITABLE (model: Zaria) © Jeffery Scott (1019) 2004

Some of your paintings and photos depict the female nude in frightening or disturbing ways. Why do you combine beauty with darkness?

There is nothing more astoundingly beautiful than the female form. If we look at the thought of God as an artist and that the artist keeps creating until he finally creates that certain something that he feels is the end all, be all of his creative process, and then stops then we have part of the answer to that question here. God made all of these things-the land, the oceans, the trees, the animals, man then woman. The last thing he made was the woman. Everything that was created contains parts of the previous creation. All leading up to one inescapable conclusion. All parts lead, somehow, to a final and then you stop when you feel you have reached the optimum. The last creation was woman. Something that contained all of the beauties and elements of the creations before it. There has been nothing new since then. So I guess the Artist was happy and just stopped. Feeling that THAT was the optimum creation. That it couldn't get any better than that. This is what "woman" represents to me. I love women. It doesn't get any better than that. Now to mix that exquisite beauty and architecture with something man made and frightening, or disturbing, as you put it, creates an incredible contrast to me. It is basically my on-going motif of, "this is what we were, this is what we have done to what we were" thing. Light/Dark. Yin/Yang. Positive/Negative. This sort of thing. We love the land but we destroy it. We have faith in our religions but we bastardize them. We elect our political figures but don't trust them. We say that we are strong and independent but shoot drugs into our veins and chemicals up our noses. The list goes on and on. We have created a world full of contradictions and contrasts. I am always rather intrigued by that question and quite surprised to hear it as much as I do. It's all been made rather standard in the world around us. All I am doing is reflecting those contradictions and contrasts in my work. Using the female form as a standard form for that expression.

A MODERN DAY SAGITTARIAN (Model: Zaria) © Jeffery Scott (1019) 2004

LIBERAL BRAIN TRAINING AND OUR NEW VOTING MACHINES (Model: Mayan Lee) © Jeffery Scott (1019) 2004

Where do you get ideas and inspiration for your imagery? I go out and drive on the freeways. I go to the grocery store. Walk around out on the street. Watch how people interact with one another. I listen to their truths, to their lies. I watch them and listen to their stories about how they treat others how they treat themselves. I see how we want our world to be and then see what we do to it. So - I get my ideas and inspiration for my imagery from the world around us. I just watch and listen.

How is the creative process for creating sculpture different from taking a photo or painting? It's no different. I use my eyes. My brain. My hands. All of them are the same. It's like playing chess always think at least several moves ahead.

You've worked on a variety of projects including CD and book covers, ads, fashion and fine art. What kind of projects still get you excited? Oh that's easy! The fine art! I am completely on my own. Completely only answerable to myself. If anything goes wrong I am the only one to blame. No one else stands in the way of the creative process. First off - I don't pay my models. They work with me because they want to work with me. They have seen my work and familiarize themselves with it. They want to be part of it. That is the only incentive for them. This way, I know that I have someone involved that is truly committed to the art. They want to be a part of my personal, creative process. That is one of the more rewarding aspects to this whole thing for me. They let me be what I am. They let me do what I do. They let me say what I want say through them. They offer themselves up for that. That brings a great dynamic to the work. You can't buy that! It's something that must be given. They bring a beauty and warmth to some otherwise harsh and disturbing images. There's that contrast thing again (laughs)! It's like a dance. We work together. It's very personal to me. I open myself up to them and they to me. And out of that union comes some (hopefully) splendid images. The women and men that I work with inspire me to no end. They are, simply put, some of the best things in my life. Now THAT gets me excited!

JEFFERY SCOTT (1019)

THE LONG OVERDUE DELETION OF THE LAST, SO CALLED, FLESH MACHINE (Model: Naomi Jay) © Jeffery Scott (1019) 2004

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A BIT OF ROMANCE

by Master R

There is this small dimple that I see when I look at her ass. It's in her left cheek. When my lips brush it, I swear I can taste it. There is another spot like that on her thigh. I know this is just my senses reeling and streaming, but still, this arousal created by having touch translate as taste is one of her many beauties. When I get the fragrance of the back of her neck, just behind the ear, it is something I can hear, some little voice of creation telling me to kiss. When I hear her moans of orgasm denied, I feel them, I feel them in my finger tips, without the slightest touching of her flesh.

This morning, I sit listening to the stream outside the window. It is full from all the rains. I hear the rushing of the waters and I wonder if the water could be as brilliant and invigorating as when I feel our liquids mingle. Earlier, before getting out of bed, I felt the sun hit my face. With my eyes still closed, that became the warmth of her flesh, covering my cheeks. I tried to taste that sunlight as I taste her, but found instead her lingering sweetness on my lip. Then, barely later, the coffee was infused with a slight bitterness, and it was easy to turn that into her flavor. The sweetness, the warmth, the tang, it all made me wish that the coffee had a sound, and then I could hear the brew, as it entered my mouth. It turned into the sound of her labia.

The phone rang way too soon. A minor annoyance. I heard it clearly ringing out, Oh Master, I am coming without permission. It was a sorrowful phone call.

As I walk down the road, I see a large flock of brightly colored birds. The flame of red and the coal blacks are the vision of the whips, as they moves against her breasts. They all sing to me. The rustling of the branches become the indent in her skin, the indent of the moment of contact. It is the indent of the lash, of my flesh on her flesh, of her eyes as they plead. I see her blindfolded at this moment, I feel the indent of her loss of sight on the leather. I can only hear the flock of birds now; all I see is the position of her tied. The argument of the birds is her straining to stay bound and to be released.

She is food for Master. Breakfast is a first bite. Luncheon is munch. Dinner is her scent, her taste, her glance, her barely audible sounds. Each taste is her tongue ingesting me. Each taste is my tongue dissolving her.

Downstairs, she is waiting. I can scent the delicacy when I enter the house. I can taste the simmering. When I look at her tied like that, standing, arms so wide, moisture and arousal so tangible, I am breathing in thin air.

It takes six months to walk around her once. It takes nearly three hours for my hand to reach her face. Six days go by in her first shudder. I spend almost a year caressing her surface. Each bite requires a week. I have had her bound for at least three lifetimes. To untie her now would take an eternity.

Afternoon becomes a pool in which to dive. I look for exotic fish, for pearls, for rounded pebbles. The sunlight pierces through the waters, it is merely the overture. Twilight is a brief arbiter. Twice a day I can not tell if the sun is rising or setting. I can not tell if I am entering her or withdrawing. The night is never black enough. I still discern her outline.

When I see her like this, so tightly bound, I can taste her release, I can hear her long surrender. I can feel her flesh become hard as chain, and then transmute into clouds. Her bonds are ephemera, her marks are delight. The fountain of time could not emit a more seductive drink than the essence of the tear that I see on her cheek. I must mark her. It takes no implements.

She attempts to yield, forward into her shackles, straining to turn my thoughts into feelings. I am already all sensation. If I were to bite her neck, I would feel her toes. If I were to enter her with a touch, I would hold her totality. Her scent defines what I see, her sounds offer me visions.

My rope has become a fence around a pasture. My whips are the sound of the guitar, Spanish and impassioned. My dungeon is a transformation. Even the eight level stairs descending have become metaphor. My leather is the scent of mountaintops. My palm is a world.

She hangs in her chains. It is a measured release. I press against her. It is all restraint. I taste her dimple with my caress. I fill my hands with her hair and her eyes become a buccaneer's treasure, a pirate's hoard. I squeeze her sex. It would be brutality, but instead it is unmeasured time.
Ah, romance! The truth is that I love to hear her scream as the whips bite her flesh. When I smell her neck, I smell her sex. When I run my fingertips hard across her flesh, I love the feeling of her skin collecting under my fingernails. When I measure our time, I don't use minutes, I use sensation. When I put her in restraints, I see flesh and blood and love and lust. Her orgasms are not rivulets or streams or even truths revealed.. My dinner is not her being devoured. My twilight is not a short arbiter. My whips are not guitars.

My slave is my slave, my palm is her world. I breathe rich air, full and inspiring. I trust my senses, they are often reliable. My coffee is sweet and hot and very liquid.

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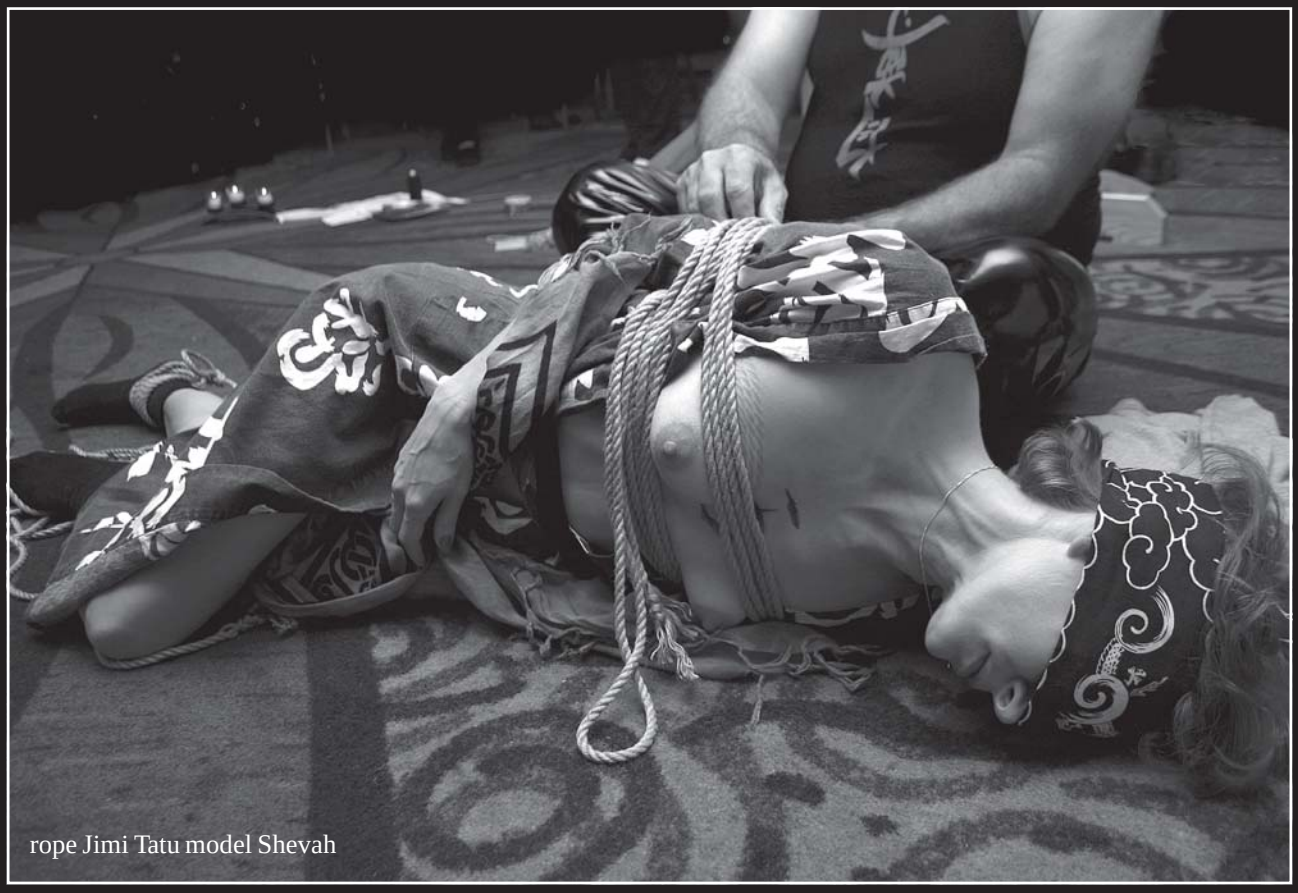


rope Jimi Tatu model Shevah

All pictures by Valerie Place © 2004

Shibaricon: The world's first international pansexual Japanese rope bondage conference.

Shibari, Japanese style rope bondage, is a very sensual and erotic form of bondage. An extremely functional, artistic and esthetically pleasing art form, Shibari is probably the most versatile types of BDSM play. It can be used for almost anything, and become an intimate part of anyone's lifestyle.

Shibaricon 2004

Memorial Day weekend of 2004, after two years in the making, a brand new community was born - Shibaricon. The world's first international pansexual conference, Shibaricon focused on education and information exchange about Japanese rope bondage.

Over the course of 4 days, 300 people from all over the world gathered together to meet, learn, educate and support each other in the beautiful 23,000sq ft. ballroom space in the Holiday-Inn O'Hare in Rosemont, IL, just outside of Chicago. . A vendor space featured bondage-related venders, rope dealers, exhibitors, and artists.

Days were the domain of 5 class tracks of more than 80 hands-on educational classes and discussion panels. Topics ranged from beginners' bondage and safety, psychology, culture, history to advanced bondage topic and suspension education. The classes were taught by 30 of the worlds best bondage instructors, including Fetish Diva Midori, MorTis, Bridgett Harrington, Sir C, Jim Tatu, Lochai, MRK, Hungry Tiger, and Taipan to name a few.

People from all walks of life and sexuality came together from all over the world to run classes and learn more on something they were very passionate about. Watching classes full of students learning hand-on bondage instruction, and sitting in panels to help them think about their lifestyle and how to take it to a new level was inspiring.

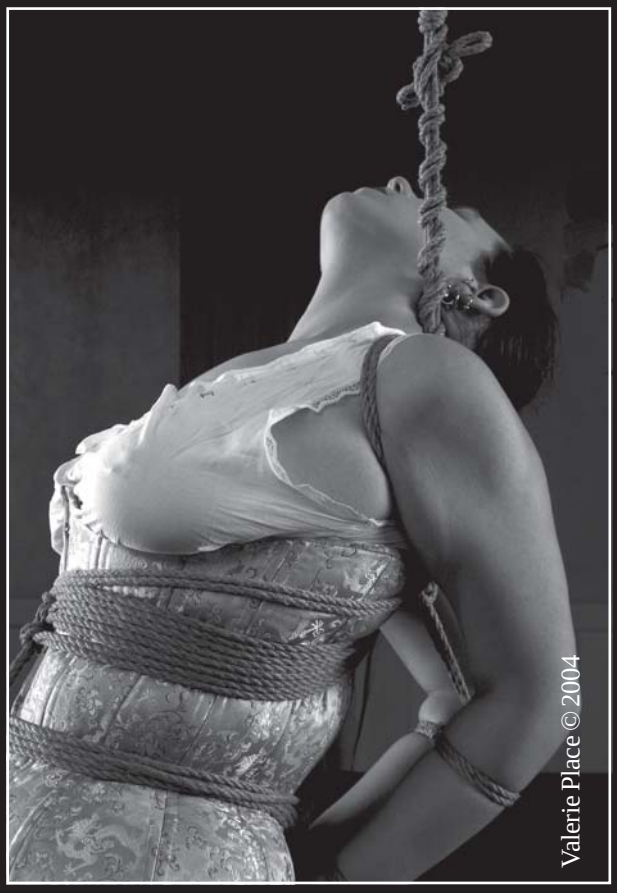
Passing the circles of people sitting in the social area on the floor between classes and chatting about things they learned, experiences they had, or things they could not wait to try was very uplifting!

Nights were reserved for special events, ranging from ceremonies with guest speakers, bondage-related fashion shows modeled by attendees, bondage performance art and shows, and Shibaricon's original Iron Dom bondage contest.

Of course time was made for everyone's favorite – Play.

A glorious 15,000 sq ft. play space was equipped with numerous specialized bondage frames and suspension

SHIBARICON



rope Lochai model Bridgett Harrington

equipment donated from Ohioleatherfest.com, MasterZchicago.com, dungeonoutfitters.com and DiligentDom, in addition to that brought by attendees and instructors.

After the evening special events, when the play space opened, attendees would socialize and talk softly amongst themselves as the lights dimmed, and the background music rose. Shortly after, one couple would start tying and playing, then two. Within 15 minutes, it would be so quiet, you could almost hear a pin drop. But it wasn't because nothing going on, but because a majority of equipment was being used, and hundreds of people were playing.

Bottoms were tied up in a variety of different positions. Tops were trying out what they learned earlier in the classes they attended. Couples were doing different scenes, from static and predicament bondage. Dozens of people were suspended in the air and flying at the same time. All in all, it was an amazing site!

Shibaricon 2004 was everything it was supposed to - a fun, well-organized event in a nice location where there were no egos and no politics. Just people coming together and sharing their knowledge and friendship, from newbies to experts, lifestyle to professional.

It was truly an event put on by rope lovers for rope lovers, Shibaricon 2004 is destined to be remembered as a major turning point in the rope bondage community.

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Shibaricon 2005

Currently the Shibaricon team - MorTis, Andrea, Florence Fox, and Diana - are back again and working on Shibaricon 2005. This newest event will take place Memorial Day weekend, May 27-30 in the Chicagoland Area and will coincide with International Mr. Leather (IML, www.imrl.com). MorTis will be hosting with special community keynote speakers. As with its predecessor, Shibaricon 2005 will have something for everyone, from novices to the experienced. There will be beginning instruction and safety, in addition to specialized classes on suspension, psychology and every possible aspect of bondage to help make attendees better rope artists or bottoms. Shibaricon 2005 will have 6 educational tracks, including a new track geared for bottoms. All courses will be taught by the best instructors from around the world, who are also members of the lifestyle and professional bondage communities There will be classic instructors,

© Valerie Place - 2004 - Lochai

demos, panels, special events, shows, NCSF charity auctions and the best bondage and rope vendors from around the world.

The new Bottoming Track is the biggest and best new addition to Shibaricon 2005. Designed to address the specific needs of rope bottoms, this track's classes will range from physical and mental health to roundtable discussion panels run by bottoms.

This new track is the result of Shibaricon's commitment to grow and expand along with the needs and wants of our attendees. At least half the people into bondage, are bottoms, but there are almost no classed geared towards them. So the new Bottoming Track is just a first step towards expanding the amount of content available to bottoms. No bondage event would be complete without a place for hands on practice of newly learned skills. So, again, Shibaricon 2005 will offer a play space with tons of unique frames and play. In addition to education and play, there will be have an even larger group of vendors. Several of the best rope and gear makers will be offering their merchandise for sale. If interested in vending at Shibaricon, please contact us at sales@shibaricon.com

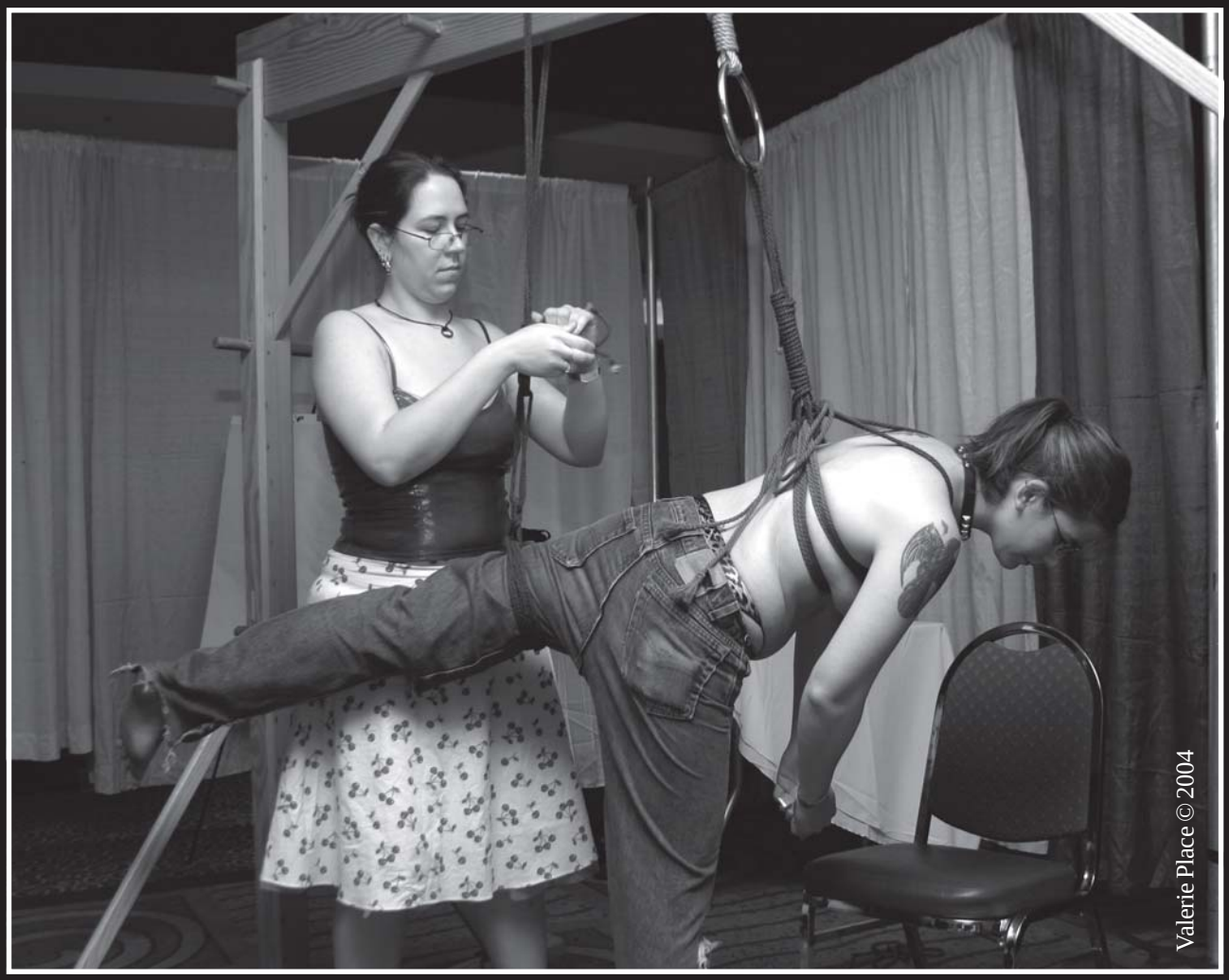
But most of all, Shibaricon will be the place to make new friends and to see old acquaintances, and of course have tons of fun!

Registration will be opening mid-January. Visit www.Shibaricon.com for more info and join the announcements only e-list for updates. If you have any questions or need any help, please contact us at info@shibaricon.com

About the author

MorTis is a Shibari educator and the producer of Shibaricon. He can be contacted at MorTis@Shibaricon.com.

Shibaricon しばリコン



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rope Lochai model Catherine

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DARENZIA.NET

© Photographer: John Dietrich - http://lola-gallery.com - Clothing: Vex http://vexclothing.net

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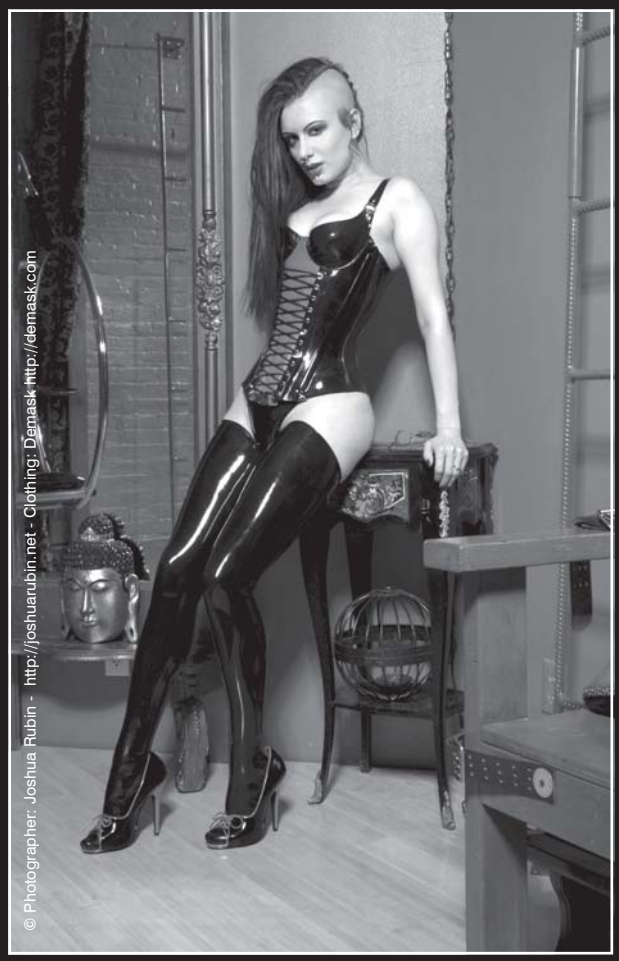
I think my appreciation for latex started at a really young age-although I didn't realize it then! I used to love to go into automotive stores and just SMELL them, I couldn't get enough of that smell. It wasn't until years later that I realized it was the smell of the rubber tires I loved so much. To this day, every time I pass an automotive store I have to go in and I don't even have a car!!!! That smell really gets me going and that's my first real memory of being aroused by latex. As I got older it developed a bit more-while I was in college, one of my part time jobs was at a fetish shop in New York City, which is where I was first introduced to latex fashion. Before latex, the only other shiny material I was exposed to was PVC/vinyl, which never really did "it" for me. When I first encased myself in a rubber catsuit, I felt empowered, lethal-unstoppable, yet fiercely feminine, and I recognized that intoxicating smell immediately. I love the ritual of putting it on-lubing myself and the inside of the fabric, then delicately squeezing myself into it and getting it arranged perfectly, and of course-shining the outside of it. The last step is definitely more fun when someone's helping you! The cleaning of it is also special to me-I rinse everything out in my tub and hang pieces to dry. Oh the fantastic smell that wafts from my bathroom-it sometimes breaks my heart to wrap everything up and put it in a closet I have devoted to all of my latex. My skin after wearing latex is soft and begs to be touched.

I was trained in classical ballet, which only served to heighten my fetishes. The perfectly arched beautiful feet, classic sheer stockings and over the top performance corsetry fed my desires. I think ballet is where my love for stockings and legs comes in-my disproportionally long legs have always been my favorite attribute-so I love to indulge myself by encasing them in the finest nylons and silk. I'm in heaven now with the advent of transparent latex stockings. They're just amazing to wear and really bring two of my all time favorite fetishes together-fully-fashioned sheer stockings and latex. There's nothing like the feel of sliding them on my muscular ballerina legs and trotting myself around in them-plus they constantly need to be lubed and shined so I have an excuse to caress my legs all day. Getting the seam straightened on a pair of FF latex stockings can be quite difficult sometimes-I've tortured many a photographer making them put up with me, butt in the air, bent over trying to get my seams perfect. Poor them!

I can't really pinpoint how I got involved with fetish modeling-it's actually just something I kind of fell into. I first started doing small shoots with friends that just also happened to be photographers. I used to go and get involved with club nights in NYC a few years ago, namely Mother. Mother always attracted an eclectic group of people-the fetish scene, goths, gays, performance artists, trannies-so there was always something crazy happening there and I would show up dressed to nines to dance and play all night. It was there that a lot of fetish photographers "discovered" me and ask me to pose for them. It was always a bit of a silly hobby for me, I had no idea it would take off and I would be so successful (or that people would even care about it!). I really credit my trip to Los Angeles in April 2003 with giving my little side career a kick in the ass, - I really feel I started doing my best work at that time and it was after that trip that I started getting a decent amount of recognition. LA has



an amazing fetish photography community I instantly felt at home with. There, photographers like Perry Gallagher, Christine Kessler and Steve Diet Goedde photographed me much differently than ever before. I felt transformed. Since then, I've had the honour of working with other top photographers as well as some of my favorite models all over the world. I never dreamed my little hobby would turn into my ultimate pervy fantasy!

For the future, I'll continue to develop and come up with new ideas for my site. There will be lots of traveling and I plan to schedule more performances and shoots around the world. I love Europe so hopefully I'll be spending more time there. I've also been getting back into photography myself—so who knows, not only will you see more pics of me, you'll see pics shot by me!

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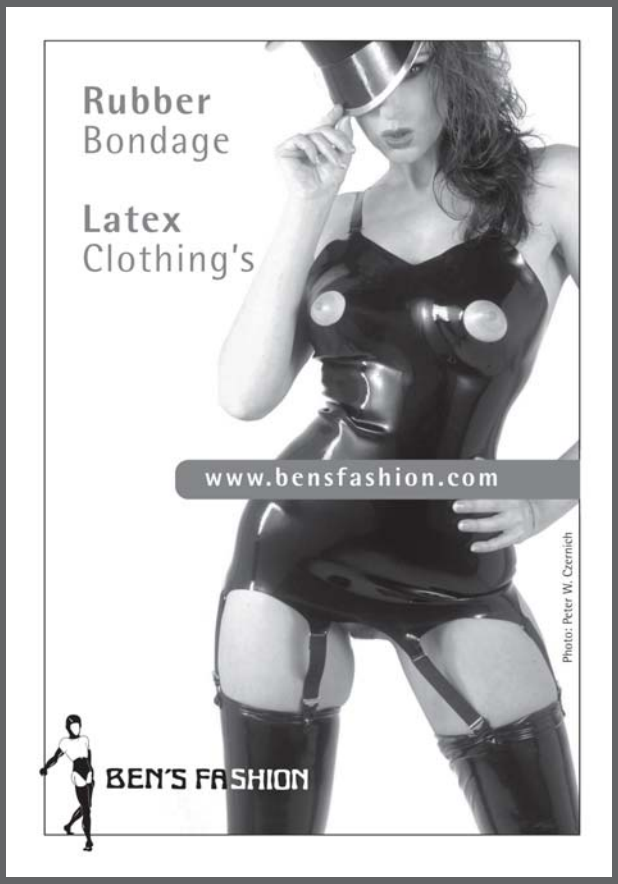
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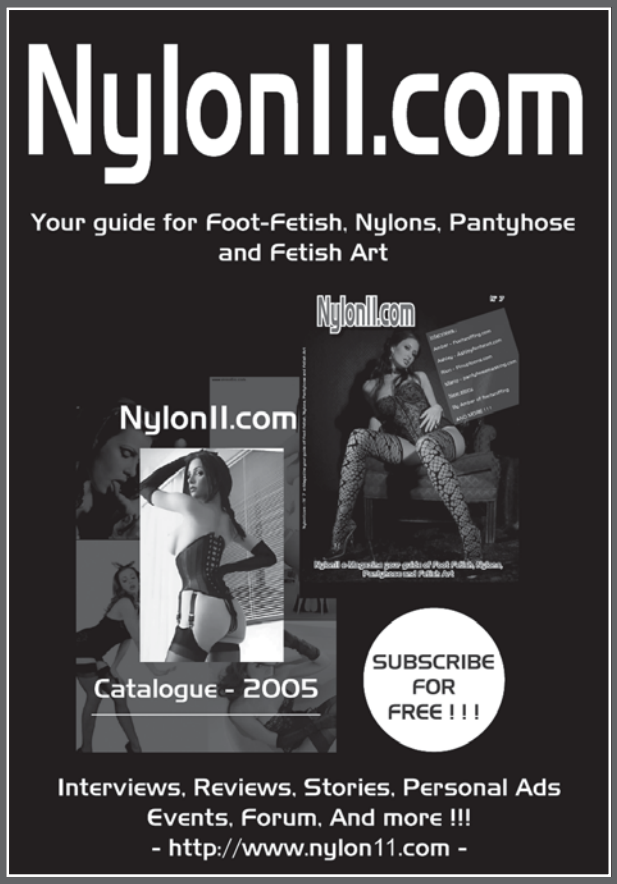
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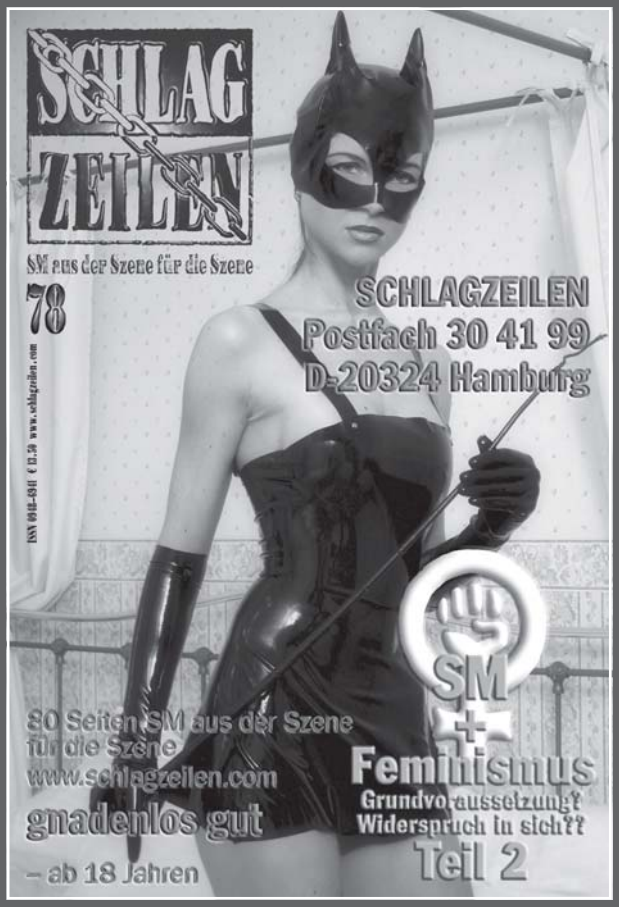
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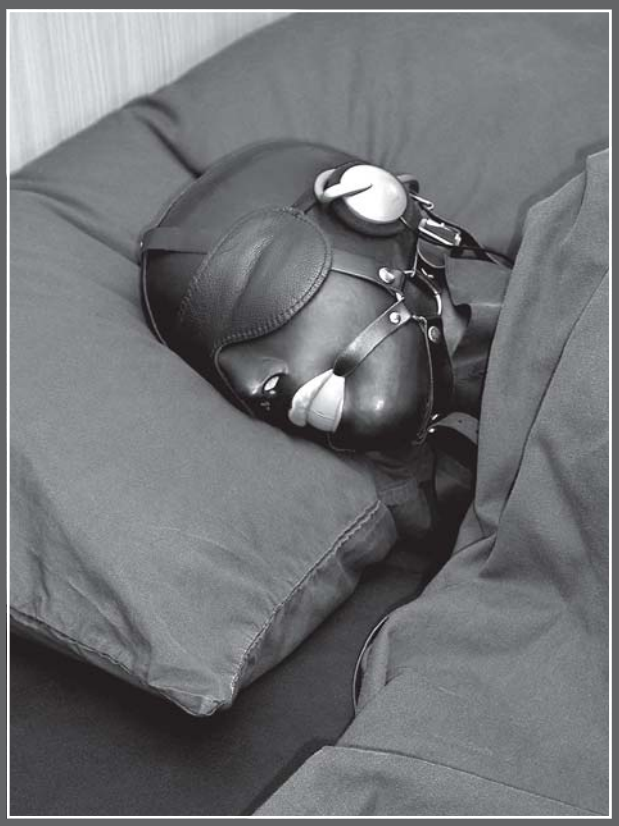

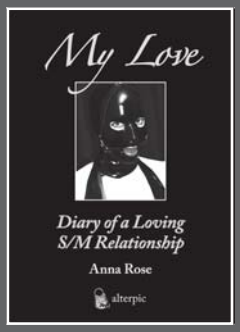

My Love : Diary of a loving S/M relationship
by Anna Rose.

This is the first book in a series of books that Anna Rose & Alterpic will be producing. It's a lovely ode from a submissive to her master with excellent color pictures, taken by him and some very touching, personal prose, text by Anna herself, where she describes what she is going through, why she loves it so much and what the pain, suffering does to her. As she explains in her introduction: "Wouldn't we all love to have somebody who is not only interested in listening when we tell our dreams and doesn't judge us having such dreams, but tries to understand our needs and does to use what we desire? My Master and I are two people who have found each other and do exactly what I have described above - we share our dreams and we live them. You will see it in the pictures in this book and you can read it between the lines of the stories herein: We are loving each other."

To be quite honest, I refused to produce the book myself when she asked me some months ago. But when I see the result, I'm a little jealous and feel bad because she has thanked all the publishers for turning her down.
I was wrong. This is a great book.

When you start reading you can feel the sheer love this girl has for her Master. Each phrase is a stroke of devotion, a plead for more punishments and loving every second of it. When she is dominated, she's in paradise. What a great ode to their love.

The color pictures are explicit, horny, sexy, exciting but above all, honest. She is his sexslave and he does everything he wants with her. He in return devotes his love in fullfilling the fantasies she wants.

You can order this excellent at Secret. See backcover orderform or go to our website and order it online. I can tell you, you will not regret it.

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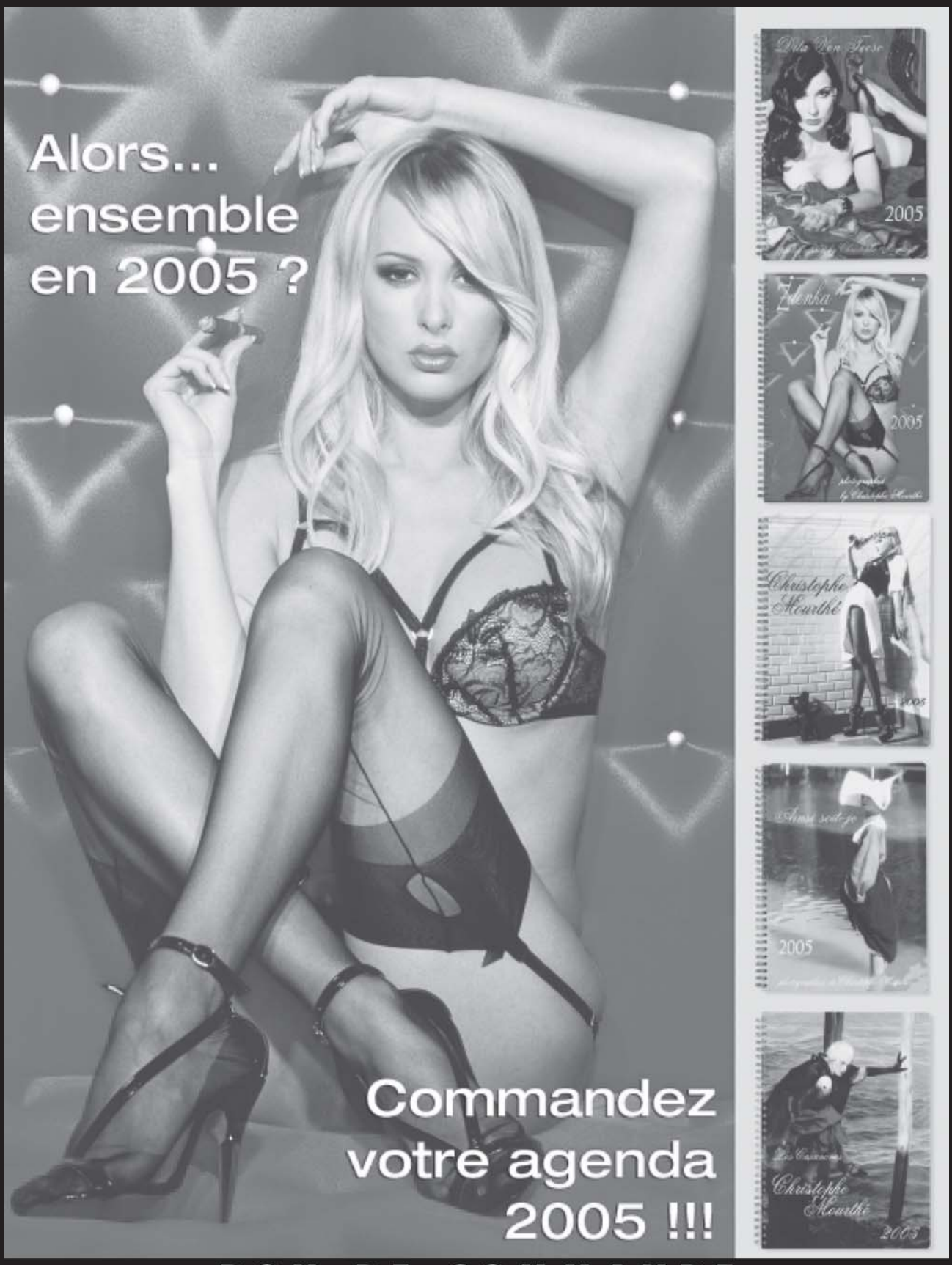

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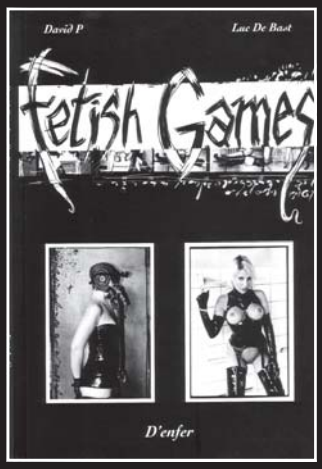

Fetish Games : David P. & Luc De Bast are both from Belgium and have printed this excellent, black & white statement of their work. David P. in his typical style with lesbian domination, pictures where he writes text on, drawings of him in the background, gazmasks, ... Luc De Bast, published several times in Secret has a more esthetical style wher his ladies are either submissive or dominant, but always very stylish. Price: 15 euro

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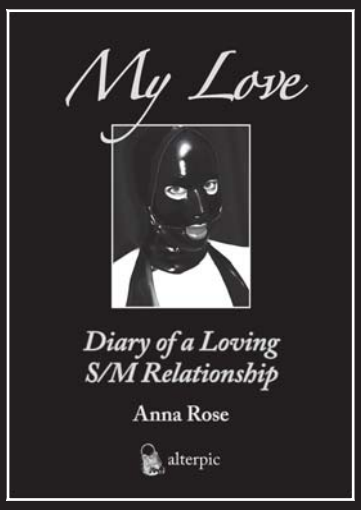
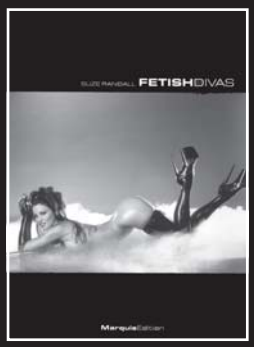


My Love: Diary of a Loving S/M Relationship: Anna Rose has written some very nice letters to her Master and he has taken some excellent pictures of her while she is in bondage, rubber, nipple clamps, enema's, blow up pump, and many more punishments. The text are a statement of true love from the submissive where she states that she's in paradise while being fucked in all holes. Price: 45 Euro (Europe) & 48 euro (overseas) Postage included.



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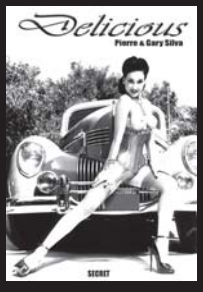

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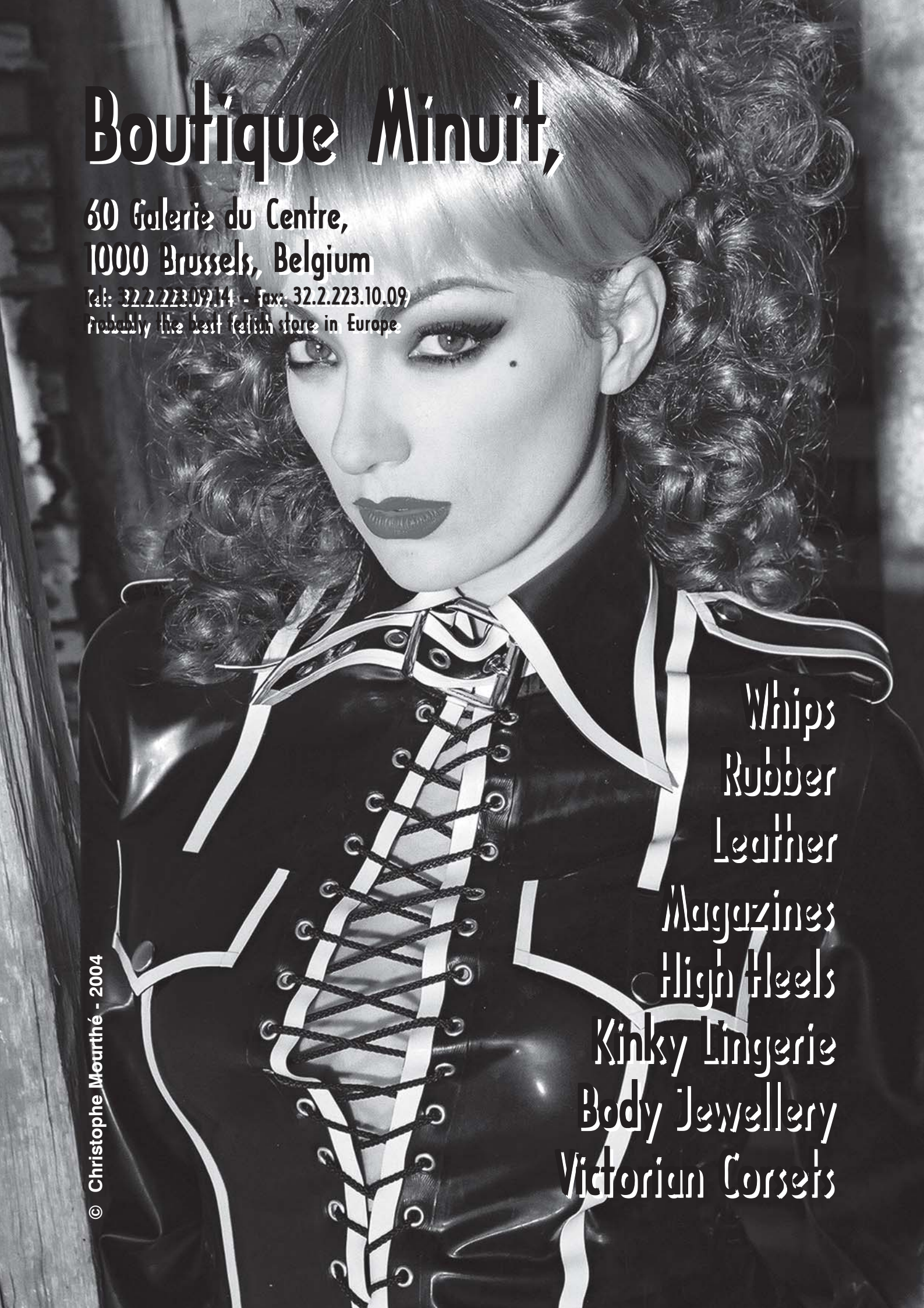
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